The Memoirs of A Modern Gnostic

Part II

By Edward Conze



The Samizdat
Publishing Company
Sherborne

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EDWARD CONZE

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POLITICS, PEOPLE AND PLACES

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

PART II: POLITICS, PEOPLE and PLACES

PART III: FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS AND BANISHED TOPICS

PART II. POLITICS, PEOPLE AND PLACES

Preface

Like all my books this one has been written three times. For the first version (marked DT1) I just dictated everything which came into my head. Those who saw the result advised me to divide the text into two parts, the first giving the story of my life, and the second my comments on all sorts of things. This version was called RT1. My friends' comments on RT1, as well as the legal scrutiny of DT1, led to the present division into three parts. The forbidden sections are now stored away in Part III. The revised Parts I and II called RT2[1] have been duplicated and sent out to about fifty persons. Their comments revealed many minor errors. For instance, in 1961 the population of Sherborne was 7,300, and not 6,000; the gypsies in Godshill lived not in a quarry but in a sandpit; the successor to Dr. Lietz and Hitler's Minister of Culture are not the same person; and so on and so on! These mistakes have been listed at the end of the duplicated edition of Part II. Now and then I hesitated about making the desired corrections. On page 44 I describe the incident of the bomber in Godshill as I remembered it. Dr. Westlake assures me that on that evening 'there were no fire watchers at the post on Good Friday Hill, as the rota had got mixed up for the first and only time'. It is difficult to know what to make of that. Furthermore those most concerned could draw my attention to remarks which they might regard as untrue or offensive. These could then be removed in the interest of peace and goodwill. Another 1,000 copies will soon be produced by some electronic process. They will be given away to Institutions or sold to wellwishers.

On reflection the title 'Memoirs of a Modern Gnostic' seems well chosen and stands the test of time in that it expresses my basic attitude in all phases of my life. The day after completing this autobiography I came by some chance across a saying (on.49) of the Lord Jesus in the 'Gospel of St. Thomas' which lays bare its

[1] I have made great efforts to recover all the copies of DT1 and RT1, but regret to say that a few people seem to have taken photocopies of them. In so far as these superseded drafts contain libellous matter I must warn those who distribute them that it is they, and not I, who legally speaking commit the libel. — RT3 indicates that RT2 has been retyped once again.

basic theme and could well be used as a motto for it. 'Jesus said: Blessed are the solitary *(monachos)* and the elect. For you will find the Kingdom! Because you have issued from it, you will again return to it'. The title has, however, two small drawbacks. Many people seem not to know what a 'Gnostic' is, and for the French translation the title will probably have to be altered[1].

The first of these points reminds me of a problem which I have been unable to resolve. Some readers have suggested that I should add a Glossary, explaining all foreign words, allusions to historical figures and events, psychological jargon and philosophical profundities. I would be grateful to hear the opinions of others. On the whole I am against the idea and that not only from laziness. All literature depends for its effects on allusions and overtones. Its charm evaporates when everything is explained in footnotes, just as jokes wither when explained. In the course of my life I must have heard thousands of sexual jokes. They interest me so little that my mind refuses to admit them, and I can never remember any. Except perhaps one from America of which I am reminded each time I see our local Sherborne Liberal News Sheet, which is called FOCUS. Here is the joke: Two Swedish house maids are having their picture taken. 'Why is he looking at us like that?' 'He has got to focus.' 'No, tell him just to take the picture first. He is sure to rumple our best dress.' If you know of the position of Swedes in 19th Century Mid-West society[2] this is really quite funny; but not otherwise.

In addition to the tediousness of these explanations there seems also to be no limit to them. Here is another story from Wisconsin, illustrating the pitfalls of East-West relations. A Japanese Professor approaches me reverently, assures me that I have a great reputation for the clarity of my literary style, but confesses that he himself could not get any meaning whatsoever out of the following sentence in the Introduction to my 'Buddhist Scriptures' (p.16). This is what he read out to me, 'When, like others before me, in the middle of my journey through life I had strayed away from the right road, it was he (D. T. Suzuki) who re-opened my eyes to the splendour of the Buddha's message'. To which I replied, 'This

[1]For Mgr. Lamotte's comments see Appendix 10, no. (01).
[2]'For on the plains where once there roamed the Indian and the Scout,
The Swede with alcoholic breath plants rows of cabbage out.'

refers to, Nel mezzo dell'camin di nostra vita — Mi ritrovai nel una selv'oscura — Che la diritta via era smaritta.' He wrinkled his eyebrows in pained disbelief, and I added, 'These are, as you know, the first lines of Dante's *Divine Comedy*.' He gave the embarrassed laugh which you hear from Japanese when they feel that you pull their legs, I saw the situation was hopeless and apologised for my existence. I often wonder how many of such references we miss in our own studies of Asian literatures. I have used the same allusion in these 'Memoirs' on I, p.27. Should I explain it? If I did where would I stop?

In the days when Ellen Wilkinson used to teach me how to write English she constantly reminded me, 'Edward, never forget that people expect to be told that C,A,T, spells cat.' This advice has done much for my prose style. On the other hand it may be more applicable to the readers of the 'Daily Express' than to those whom I expect for this SAGA. That became clear to me when recently I said to a friend, 'Now that we have had De Medietate Lunae and have seen what Malachy meant by his motto[1], we must wonder whether he was also right about his three successors, particularly in view of what Huang Hua, the Chinese Foreign Secretary, told us today about the prospects of an Atomic World War.' What, of course St. Malachy prophesies is that the third Pope from now, near A.D. 2,000, will be the last one and will see the end of life on earth[2]. I soon wished that I had expressed myself a bit more directly because the explanations had to be multiplied endlessly. So I feel that on the whole I have done right in bravely aiming at an educated public. It is ironic that the audience which I envisage should have largely ceased to exist[3], but it is symptomatic of much of my life. Again and again the rug has been pulled away from underneath my feet.

The Index of Names is the work of an old and trusted friend,

[1]i.e. Pope John Paul was installed on September 3rd, the day following the New Moon of September 2nd, and he died on September 28th, four days before the New Moon of October 2nd. His reign lasted almost exactly one Lunar Month or 'between two Moons'.

[2]Perhaps Maggie and her Shylock may after all be permitted to do their bit for the Freedom of the West.

[3]Fifty years ago D. H. Lawrence predicted the collapse of this class in his masterly, 'How Beastly the Bourgeois is —' (*The Complete Poems* II, 1957, pp.159-160). It is too long to be inserted here.

Marianne Winder, a librarian, who twenty years ago translated 'Buddhist Texts' into German. She emphasizes that she does not associate herself with all the views expressed in this autobiography, least of all with the passages about Christmas Humphreys who, she declares, has been the most beneficent influence in her life. For a time I had the assistance of Mrs. Rosemary Holland, who had just graduated in History from Kings College, and who verified many facts for me. For the German period I have also had help from Herrn Herbert Elbrecht in Frankfurt, a helpmate whom I have never met. The mechanics of the enterprise have been in the capable hands of Mrs. Daphne Mitchell. Her birthday falls on nearly the same day as my mother's and it is thus no surprise that she should share her ready intelligence, effortless competence and prompt and precise performance. As indispensible as she was my friend Dr. F. G. Brook with whom, up to August, 1978, I discussed every sentence, often at great lengths. He has preserved me from many infelicities. Now that he has been taken away from us, there is no one to quite take his place.

The intellect of people with Mercury in Pisces is well known to be more fertile than accurate. I have often been surprised by the elementary nature of my mistakes on matters of detail, and the unreliability of my memory. What has heartened me, however, is that all the errors discovered so far have been due to sheer carelessness, and none seems to be self-serving. The list of those who have sent in corrections fills two pages, and I have decided to scrap it.[1] Not everyone concerned would wish their names to be associated with a work of this character. May it suffice to say that my brother has seen to it that nothing detrimental to the honour of the Conze family has survived, while my wife Muriel has endeavoured to expunge whatever might be to my discredit, or make me appear small or miserable. Nevertheless a few awkward facts may have seeped through here and there.

October, 1978

[1]Now that the printing has been accomplished, I cannot, however, omit to thank Dr. Lance Cousins, of the Department of Comparative Religion at the University of Manchester, a keen Buddhist scholar who has been on the spot to smooth over many difficulties.

SECTION 1: POLITICS

a. On Being a German Abroad.

On re-reading what I have dictated so far it becomes clear to me as never before how much I have remained unassimilated in spite of strenuous efforts at outward conformity to my English environment. Here in Sherborne, whether I go to a cocktail party, to a private house or a wine tasting, to a meeting of the Rotarians or of the Historical Society, — the reaction of the Establishment to my existence is always the same. Suspicion, bewilderment, desperate attempts to determine my accent and to classify that which is odd and to be nice to what turns out to be a *German*, and, as a result, awkwardness all round. I cannot deny that I feel snubbed and bruised every time, and recall Thomas à Kempis (I.20) 'As often as I went into Society I came out a lesser man'.[1] The spiritual benefits of this are considerable but nevertheless it is pretty unpleasant. Whole areas of English life have remained closed to me. I cannot, for instance, be natural with an English child whom I invariably put off by the academic convolutions of my speech. Nor has my upbringing prepared me to see the world with English eyes. One of the heroes of my youth was the Boer General Botha who, solitary and fearless, with a rifle flung over his shoulder, frugal like a noble Tuareg, rode over the veldt stalking the British invader of his homeland. I had heard much of British Concentration camps in South Africa long before the Nazis so greatly improved on the original model[2]. When we played Engländer and Sinnfeiner I took great care never to be one of the Engländer. Also I had, of course, been brought up in a belief in German superiority and, after 1933, I found myself in a country which then still believed that British things were the finest in the world. Most of the inventions and achievements which I had credited to Germans now turned out to be the work of some British Popov. Nor have I ever got used to the

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (1)

[2]The Century was but young. Though Kitchener was severe on the Boer *Untermenschen* whom he described as 'uncivilised Afrikander savages with a thin white veneer', the camps never contained more than about 100,000 inmates, and the death rate never exceeded 344 per 1,000, or 629 per 1,000 for children. (E. Holt, *The Boer War*, 1958, p.268). One of the victims was the mother of my friend Diederichs. It is not surprising that he studied in Germany and not in England and later on drained much wealth out of this country with his Kruger rands.

regularity with which the English ooze moral indignation and sit in judgement on other Nations. Likewise it was not easy for me to shed my Teutonic conviction that Democracy is a mere sham for dirty deeds done in the dark. In the meantime I have learnt to conceal my thoughts on this. But in the beginning there was some friction over it. In the East End I once gave a talk on Nazi Germany. When my Chairman, the archetypal bumbling Labour Alderman, introduced me he said of my move from Germany to England that 'Hitler's loss is our gain'. This struck me as funny. In the discussion someone asked how one could convince the Germans of the superior virtues of democracy. In a flash and without thinking I replied, — 'All you will have to do is send them a film of London East of the Bank of England with the caption, 'This is what Democracy has done for us'. That will show them the error of their ways!' The alderman began to doubt whether I was really so much of a gain as he had thought at first.

The fact of the matter is, of course, that there is nothing English about me at all, — except for my dear mother's presence in London when I was born. When one sees in my Bonn Chapter that I am as estranged from Germany and as remote from the people there, one realizes that I do not have to go into the Egyptian desert because I carry it about with me.

Nevertheless this development strikes me as strange when I remember that it was the attempt to assimilate myself in England which imposed the first strain on my marriage to Dorothea. She naturally disapproved of my attempt to improve my knowledge of the indigenous language 'by sleeping with a dictionary'. Worse was the fundamental difference in our reaction to German society and to German culture. She had the typical Jewish longing to become a part of it. I, on the other hand, had become thoroughly disgusted by the way in which both the legal colleagues of my father in Duesseldorf and the Professors in Hamburg had reacted to the victory of the Nazis, revealing an abject cowardice and slimy duplicity which I would not have believed possible. In consequence I decided that I would no longer wish to use a language degraded so much by this contemptible rabble *(Sauvolk)*. We would therefore speak only English at home and my daughter Jane would learn no German at all. An additional reason for this decision was that I had

to earn my living by lecturing and writing. Observing my fellow refugees I noticed that nothing spoiled one's English as much as the habit of speaking German at home.

On my Post War visits to the Continent I avoided Germany, apart from my visits to my mother in Langenberg, and to my brother Wolf who had a metal factory in Luedenscheid, in Westphalia. My contacts with German scholars were brief and discouraging. I saw Prof. Speiser in Cologne at the behest of Peter Swann for the purpose of making him write for 'Oriental Art'. At that time articles had to be in French or English, and I told him why I approved of the exclusion of German, offering to translate his contribution into English. Although I was on my best behaviour the conversation became increasingly disharmonious and revealed a whole mine-field of latent conflicts. I then saw that it would not be easy to bring together people who had been severed by the dividing ram of the Third Reich.

Out of sheer bravado I attempted such a reunion again in 1969, when I went as a Visiting Professor to Bonn for one semester. The main reason for this was that in the visit to Bonn which preceded my talk with Speiser, I had discovered fissures in my soul which seemed to go very deep.

In Bonn I met first of all my old friend Prof. Rothacker. He was a prominent exponent of what was then known as *Geisteswissenschaft,* quite clever in his own way, but a *bon vivant* and an abject time-server. He was in trouble because he could not get his denazification, — 'in spite of the fact that, as you know, I never believed in that nonsense', — he was the first of many to say this to me. He was convinced that my interest in Buddhism was a mere blind, to conceal some deep-laid Muscovite plot, and asked me to get him a passport so that he could go to Switzerland, 'because you are obviously on excellent terms with the Four-power commission on the Petersberg'. Through him I could see myself as I appeared to someone who had not shared the previous twenty years of my life. We reminisced about the days in 1929 when I had, before my transfer to Hamburg, been the boss of the CP in the Bonn district. Now I was all meekness and mildness and behaved as if butter could not melt in my mouth. It must put a great strain on a man's inner coherence and identity if he has to endure such violent fluctuations over a few years of his life.

Far more shattering and soul-stirring was my meeting with Tante Margarethe, my favourite aunt. As a boy I had spent many happy holidays in her house in Koblenz. My mother always held it against me as evidence of my bad character that I never gave any trouble in Koblenz and was always as good as gold. She could not see, of course that I did not do this to show her up, but because for once I was treated properly and kindly. Tante Margarethe was married to an unusually gifted man called Karl Klingemann. He had first been a Pastor in Alexandria (where he was friendly with the Hess family), then a Pastor at Krupps in Essen. After that he became *Generalsuperintendent fuer die Rheinlande* in Koblenz; and in the end he went to Bonn as successor to Karl Barth on the Theological Chair of that University. When I came to Bonn after the War, he had died a few months before, from starvation, because he had decided that it would be dishonourable and unethical to use the Black Market. He was a man of some depth. Although an unwavering antisemite, he had published the correspondence of one of his ancestors with the composer Felix Mendelsohn-Bartholdy. Although a pillar of the establishment, he liked such subversive books as Gustav Meyrink's *Des deutschen Spiessers Wunderhorn* (1909). Although a keen monarchist, (his most prized possession was a large photograph of the Kaiser signed by the Kaiser himself) he had twice allowed me to escape to the sanctuary of his house when the street brawls with the Nazis turned against me. Soon after my arrival Tante Margarethe went to the Guest Book. We looked up the entries which commemorated these memorable events, and thought of the olden days. Although Uncle Karl's political views were those of the most extreme Right Wing pan-Germans, I never found them really objectionable, because his decency and humanity redeemed everthing. The only sign I ever noticed of barbarity was that when in summer we had our afternoon coffee in his garden on the Moselle, he cut into half the wasps which sat in the jam. I did not like this at all, but he assured me that wasps have no souls and no feelings. At that time, when we walked along the book-lined corridors of the house, I spoke contemptuously to one of her visitors of the German people as such[1]. In this way was proved the

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (2)

truth of Uncle Karl's observation who had said that in every way I had lived up to the full potential of my good heritage *(gute Erbmasse),* except in one point, i.e. that I had obviously no feeling for what it means to be a German. This bitter remark of mine showed that I had not escaped the conflicts which must beset every German as a result of the tragic history of his nation during the twentieth century. I then and there felt that these conflicts would have to be faced and cleared up some day. Alas, I am still at it.

I have always been greatly attached to the region in which I have been brought up, particularly to the district around Langenberg, and my thoughts often go out to it. It is there that I also would like to be buried in the huge Protestant cemetery which in the 20's my family built on a hill from which one can see across the valley the Bismarck Tower on the hill opposite and where I would be with my parents. To me this is somewhat like *La Terre et les morts* of Barrès, and it makes me think of Housman's poem:

'The land is still by farm and steeple,
And still for me the land may stay.
There I was friends with perished people,
And there lie they.'

Whenever I meet Germans from this part of the country I feel instantly friendly towards them. Here is a typical story about this. When I went to Munich in 1954, at the Main Station one taxi driver after the other refused to take me to the most expensive luxury hotel in the City. More than two dozen had rejected me (very much against their material interests) when someone accepted me. Asked why he did so that driver told me that from my way of pronouncing German words I was to the Bavarians a *Saupreusse* (filthy Prussian) who had to be kicked. He, however, came from Hagen (in Westphalia) and the moment I opened my mouth he had rejoiced at my intonation. For people like he and I can pronounce the letter 'G' only when it is initial, — when it is in the middle of a word it becomes 'R' and final 'G' becomes a 'CH'. When I heard the word *Haaren* I felt back home and nearly wept.

But as far as Germany as a State, or in other words as far as the *Vaterland* as distinct from the *Heimat* is concerned, I have always been indifferent to it. This showed itself already early at school when we had to write an essay on *Ubi bene ibi patria* (where you do

well there is your fatherland). We were asked to give our opinion. Naively I assumed our teacher actually wanted to know what we thought of this saying, and defended it. I got the most frightful dressing down in front of the entire class.

How deeply I nevertheless felt about these matters had been revealed to me on my first visit to Germany when I went to see my mother. Everything was still at sixes and sevens. At Herbesthal the train stopped and we were told that there would be a train to Aachen only in two days' time. While everyone was still stunned by this unexpected news, I went out and found a car with an SS-man on the run who told me that, with a British passport, I would just be waved on by the British soldiers at the frontier, and that he would take me over for nothing since he would be amply rewarded by taking coffee, cigarettes and so on across into Germany. When we came to Aachen I saw that it was almost totally destroyed. Although at that time I had consciously little sympathy with the Germans over their ruined cities, and thought that it served them right, — to my horror and consternation the tears just gushed out of my eyes, ran down my cheeks and absolutely refused to stop. And that in front of an unmistakeable SS-man, just a few months out of uniform! I completely failed to regain the air of tight-lipped command with which I had begun our relationship, but he took no advantage of this. On parting we shook hands, which I had resolved not to do.

b. A few recollections from my CP days.

Since it is the purpose of this autobiography to hold up a mirror to the imp who has guided my life, and shaped it into a semblance of Monkey in the story of that name, there is no need to include a systematic survey of what I did in and for the CP in Germany. I want to confine myself to only two topics or periods.

The first concerns my days in Bonn where my activities at the age of 25 demonstrated a certain turbulence in my spirit which has also been carried over into my new Buddhist life. Last year for instance I wrote an article in the *Shambhala Review* which incensed the Golden Mountain Monastery in San Francisco so much that they dubbed me the 'Demon King'. In this context I may remember how, in 1929, I had hired the biggest auditorium in Bonn University to enable a Russian economist to give a talk about the first Five

Year Plan. The entire conception of a planned economy was then still so new that one of the University's economists after the other got up and asked, 'What is a year-plan?' The Russian was pretty dull and inoffensive. I made up for this with a speech so provocative that the meeting ended in a turmoil which the police had to quell. Or how I had repeatedly arranged for Stalin's favourite philologist Nikolai Yakovlevich Marr, to lecture in the various Seminar Rooms of the Philological Faculties. He astonished everyone, especially by his ability to read Etruscan. When asked how he did it, he just pointed to something he had written on the blackboard and said, 'Es ist klar-r'. All in all he did little to raise the prestige of the Soviet Union. For me he had the additional advantage that he opened up a direct line to the Kremlin which was fool-proof, and by-passed the normal party channels. Or how, a veritable *fulmen belli,* I had hurled my Janissaries at the Nazis, denying them the use of the streets, and particularly of the Beethovenplatz. Years later I met in Manchester another witness of these battles, Dr. Helen Rosenau who, on seeing me, exclaimed at once, 'How old you have become, Dr. Conze'! When I saw you in your uniform in Bonn you were just like Mars, the God of War.' Or how, I lost a debate with Dr. Goebbels and only saved the day by breaking up his meeting with a shower of stink bombs[1], or how, the greatest triumph of all, I had devised an insidious technique which made the Bonn Nazis, with the exception of a few SS-men, come over to us, smash up the furniture in their headquarters, pile it up outside, and burn it together with their flags etc. How Dr. Ley in Cologne had tried to interfere by sending lorry loads of SA-men to Bonn, and how they had, to their dismay, been intercepted by the Bonn police chief, a politician of the Centre Party and one of Dr. Conze's bosom friends because they both shared a deep interest in scholastic philosophy and Migne's *Patrologia Latina;* and how 'all Bonn' had laughed! In short I had behaved like a philosophically motivated Al Capone or like something out of *The Three Penny Opera,* with

[1]A record of this memorable debate would be very entertaining, but it cannot be transposed into English. At that time we had evolved on both sides a highly specialized vocabulary of abuse to which in our peaceful country no equivalent can be found. Who could possibly understand what I meant when I spoke of Goebbels as a *Nachgedunkelter Schrumpfgermane.*

Mack the Knife and Pirate-Jenny, containing the tell-tale line *Und die wissen immer noch nicht, wer ich bin,* (and still they don't know who I am).

Secondly here are a few remarks about my last days in Hamburg in 1933. They may have some human and political interest. When in 1967 the Verlag Neue Kritik produced a reprint of my *Der Satz vom Widerspruch* I was incensed by a sentence which asserted that Conze 'as an oppositional intellectual was in 1931 expelled from the KPD, and the Party publisher who meant to publish this work removed it from his programme'. This is sheer invention[1]. I stayed on in the Party until I left Germany, and paid my dues even for the second week in June. The proofs are in the hands of the FBI, who must have got them from the Gestapo files. My lectures in the Marxist Workers School (MASCH) had, of course, come to an end after February 27th, 1933[2]. Recently I found a little blue exercise book, in the handwriting of Dorothea Conze, with an outline of dialectical materialism. Nicely arranged in paragraphs and propositions like Spinoza's Ethics, or the Little Catechism of my youth. Many stenciled copies of that treatise must have existed at the time, but they are now probably irretrievably lost. After March 1933 there was little mischief that we could still do. We printed an illegal paper, — the printing machinery was hard to find because it was underneath the Alster. At the University all one could do was to keep the flag flying (e.g. by never saying 'Heil Hitler'[3]) and to integrate sympathisers and fellow travellers into the Third Reich. For a while the Nazis tolerated quite a lot of insolence on our part, but the noose was slowly tightening. I remember one instance when

[1]This example may illustrate the three Types to which I refer so often. In most cases our emotional reaction to experiences is a mixed one. When I received the book I was delighted that after a neglect of forty four years it was now back in circulation and I was angry when I read this nonsense about me. A Greed Type would be a happy man all day long and would regard this personal slight as a negligible blemish. The Hate Type, i.e. Dr. Conze, will at once rush off and write a vitriolic letter about the slight, asking the publisher not to use his book for the usual anti-Communist, anti-Soviet and anti-Stalinist yappings *(Gebell)*. The Delusion Type will be bewildered, will brood and will not know what to think.

[2]This date is memorable to me not only because it is that of the Reichstag fire, but also because that very night a bullet through the window broke in on my peace and quiet.

[3]Thinking back, it is amazing that you risked your life merely by saying 'Juten Tach' in reply to a 'Heil Hitler'.

I had said something in a Seminar and an SA-man, who had no business to be there, rose, waved a copy of 'Mein Kampf' in his hand and wanted to know how what I had said could be squared with what the great Adolf had said on p.438 of his masterpiece. I explained that Kant, Hegel, Heidegger, I and Hitler had all said exactly the same thing, but could not help viewing the incident as a bad omen for the future.

In my interpretation of Communist doctrine I had never wavered from Stalin's line. In particular I was an advocate, and even one of the very minor architects, of the theory of Social Fascism which said that the social democrats are the lackeys of Imperialistic Finance Capitalism, and urged alliances with Nazi workers against social democratic politicians and bureaucrats. Our slogan, so often derided, was, 'After Hitler, — we!'[1] And who has got at least one third of Germany? The communists. And in the West, they 'have' Wehner, and not only him! This is more than they had before Hitler. As in the case of Spain, I believe that all the established orthodoxy of the capitalist media on these matters is just so much eyewash against which the moneyless truth has no chance of prevailing.

One day, however, I got into a bit of panic which may, or may not, have been justified. It was set off one beautiful morning by the following incident. In my flat in the Heitmannstrasse I had a visit from a police officer accompanied by one of the comrades with whom I was most closely associated in my work for the Party. The officer assured me that the police in Hamburg were disillusioned by Hitler betraying the national revolution to his capitalist backers, that he wanted to organise an illegal cell for the infiltration of Communist propaganda and that he had been told that I would be the ideal person to help him with this. There were four clear reasons why this surprise visit dismayed me. (1) The room was choc-a-bloc full of Communist literature banned for months. (2) My co-occupant was a conspicuously Jewish comrade by the name of Thea Finkelstein, later to become my wife. (3) In the chimney of the stove which stood in the middle of the living room there was a Lafoucheux revolver with which I had vaguely planned to shoot myself if I was ever arrested. It would not help if this were found. I had first

[1]Appendix 10, no. (3)

bought this revolver as a protection against farmers' dogs when I had been a vagabond for the sake of Jesus Christ. It had never fired a shot in anger. Only once in the 'Quellenthal' in Langenberg had it gone off by chance and nearly killed me when I cleaned it. It stayed with me until the days in Godshill when one day I threw it into the wood. It must still be there. (4) The first three fears concerned rational risks which any revolutionary is accustomed to face. But not so the fourth, which concerned the comrade who had brought the police officer along. He was also connected with the University and we had done many things together, although he was not sufficiently highly placed to know of my alternative existence as 'Ackermann'. He had red hair, suffered from recurring bouts of Weil's disease, played chess as well as I did and had also visited London where he regarded the St. Pancras district as the one dearest to his heart. He was, as one can see, of working class extraction. If it had been almost any other comrade I would have faced this situation with equanimity, but with him there entered that which makes cowards of us all, — a bad conscience.

Now I have said before (p. ?) that I have been very rarely plagued by a sense of guilt because I have nearly always gone to extraordinary lengths not to infringe the rights of others. But there had been a mild exception here. My friend had been sent away for some weeks to Schleswig-Holstein on Party work and had asked me to look after his girlfriend. When she came to visit me we found that we were somehow attracted to each other. For a while we pirouetted around, I made tentative advances to her, she made tentative advances to me, we were feeling our way but had not yet gone beyond the stage where we remained uncommitted and could withdraw at any time. I had managed to slightly and almost imperceptibly stroke her front as if by accident, — when I backpedalled immediately. Her breasts turned out to be of the blancmange variety, very loose in consistency and hanging down quite low. I thought for a moment how entertaining it would be to watch her flinging them over her shoulder as Hottentot women do. But this was, of course, no sufficient reason to start an affair, and I returned severely to Party matters, she also dropped any further hints and we both pretended that nothing had ever happened.

There were, however, two reasons why this short amatory contact set up what a modern psychiatrist would call a 'conflict situation'. First of all, there is the old saying that Hell knows no fury like a woman scorned. Suppose that with her feminine intuition she had guessed *why* these approaches were so suddenly cut off! Would she not stir up her boyfriend against me out of revenge? And who would want an additional enemy in the Nazi Jungle which had begun to engulf us? Secondly, although none of us had ever heard of Rudyard Kipling's dictum that 'A woman is only a woman but a good cigar is a smoke' it was generally assumed that no woman was worth upsetting the trust which existed among Party members and that, to take away a comrade's girl friend, was a despicable thing to do. It seemed therefore quite feasible to assume that this visit was my friend's way of paying me out for my infringement of his property rights.

As for the police officer I suavely thanked him for his proletarian zeal, assured him that I had lost interest in politics, that I had been surprised and gratified at the many fine things Adolf Hitler had introduced into Germany and that, in any case, as a British citizen I had now decided to return to the land of my birth from where I could not easily direct illegal cells in the Hamburg police. He seemed interested, looked at the documentary proofs I had assembled, and may, or may not, have been impressed by the weight and influence of my alleged connections in England. And so even this visit came to an end.

I then went off on a tour of Muenster, Duesseldorf, Langenberg, and Bonn, — cities where I had relations or presumed friends. This turned out to be a foolish thing to do because the Nazis were in much firmer control of the rest of the country than they were of the city of Hamburg. Hamburg was the one city where we were still in control of the working class districts and could deny the Nazis access to them. The boundary lay in the Heitmannstrasse where I lived,[1] and if the Nazis proceeded in any numbers, as by way of torch parades, beyond that boundary they were greeted with hand grenades and rifle or machine gun fire. There was even a fraction among us who wanted actually to seize the city and force the Nazis

[1]The air raids seem to have obliterated it. When I looked for the street in 1973 I could find no trace of it.

to take it back through the *Reichswehr.* We had enough weapons for this, it would have wiped out the shame of the Party having collapsed without offering any real resistance and it would have diminished Hitler's claim to have the country behind him. Officially this was frowned upon as the heresy of 'Putshism', as practised by Heinz Neumann in Shanghai in 1926. Any lingering sympathies we might have felt for Heinzchen Neumann's views were dispelled by a clever Nazi move. They concentrated a large part of the SS in one huge parade and let them just drive through the streets for hours on end. We watched with speechless admiration and envy what wonderful human material these bastards had collected and trained, and could not fail to see that it would be these people, and not the *Reichwehr,* who would oust us from our positions in the Inner City, thereby largely destroying the propaganda effect of what we might have done. So the talk about the *Bewaffnete Aufstand* (Armed Rising) died away, but still for some months Hamburg was the safest place in Germany for a Communist to be in. Our control over the Harbour area remained so great that we could transfer many comrades to the Soviet Union. Few of these, alas, survived the purges. If I had then gone to Russia I would probably have perished soon. Alternatively I might possibly have attained a position of precarious authority among the cowed citizens of the G.D.R. It was surely a good fairy who made me go to England.

At that time the Nazis had introduced a new element into political strife by the widespread use of torture. In Bonn my successor as *Politischer Leiter,* Comrade Parsch, had been beaten to death with sticks by the SA in a cellar. In Hamburg they were still afraid of retaliation and therefore apt to be careful. Their speciality was to arrest a few of us, illtreat them in a concentration camp, hit their kidneys so that they became loose and wandered about, and then send them back to us so as to give us something to think about. The prospect of being caught and tortured occupied our minds a great deal. There was first of all the fear of physical pain which, so we thought, owing to our reliance on anaesthetics would be more unbearable to us than it had been to people in the past. One also was concerned about one's dignity which might well suffer and be in shreds in no time. Most of all, of course, we were afraid to be made to betray Party secrets and our comrades. Nobody knows

how much he can stand, before he is actually tested, and this worried us a great deal. Apparently they got all the secrets out of the *Rote Kapelle* who were the toughest of the tough. Finally I personally was in addition afraid that they might break into my spiritual calm. Throughout my life I have so far remained basically unaffected by what happened to and around me, and my mundane life has been carried on by reflex actions in which I do not participate. This fundamental unshakeability[1] I would not have liked to lose. In the event all these worries proved unnecessary, and that was not, as we will see, because Dr. Foxie proved too bright for them, but because his Luck did not forsake him. Even when the 'Bremen' was already lying in Southampton harbour I still thought that, if they knew what I knew, they were bound to arrest me at the last moment. I planned then to jump overboard and looked with some anxiety over the railings at the distance which separated me from the sea below.

The official history of the politics of the Thirties is bathed in moral indignation. One of the most favourite targets of this moralising vituperation is the Nazi-Soviet pact of 1939. It makes me happy therefore to put a tiny spanner into the works by pointing out that it was a master stroke of the first order which sealed Hitler's fate, that it was begun in 1933, and that I, E. J. D. Conze, had a hand in bringing it about.

The Nazi movement was an attempt to remedy the defects which led to the defeat of 1918. Northcliffian propaganda was countered by Dr. Goebbels; the hunger blockade by autarchy and, later on, the large scale elimination of idle mouths; the disruptive influence of Jews and Marxists by their removal from public life; the class divisions which had led to the Kiel mutinies by closer contacts between the classes *(Volksgemeinschaft)* and by the comradeship which made Rommel's desert army and the Waffen SS into such superb fighting troops; and so on and so on. Also the War on Two Fronts was regarded as something to be avoided, and in the Reichswehr also there were circles who favoured an *Ostorientierung,* i.e. a Bismarckian Alliance with Russia against the Western democracies. In consequence, it was only natural that

[1]Akshobhya is the Bodhisattva of the Prajnaparamita.

feelers should be put out to us on whether we were ready to advocate such an alliance in Moscow.

On the whole general opinion in the Party was too hostile to the Nazis to favour such a course of action. Soon however, it became obvious that the wind from Moscow was blowing in this direction. the waverers were soon brought to heel by a symbolic action which made a great impression at the time. The SU had sold their oil in Germany through the DEROP and we had acted as their agents, not only persuading lorry drivers etc. to tank up at DEROP, but also, coercing them a bit, by slashing the tyres of those who did not, and other methods familiar also in Chicago and New York. Now there suddenly came an order that the swastika flag should be hoisted on all DEROP stations. We were shocked to our very bones. We also knew that Comrade Stalin had spoken, and the matter was settled for us.

These initial negotiations, or perhaps rather conversations were not without their bizarre aspects. They usually took place in the house of Frau Walter Ruben where Dr. Conze and a feww of his friends met high officers of the SS at the unusually sumptuous and lavish parties given there. Frau Ruben, the mother of my friend Walter Ruben, had been the wife of a wealthy Jewish coal merchant. He had died, and since she was what in those days was known as a 'pure Aryan', she had no difficulites with the SS, Whereas her son's allegiance to Communism made her into the ideal bridge between the one and the other. After a time I realised that these negotiations had saved my life, although I had feared the opposite. Nobody will bump off someone whom he expects to double-cross in a deal profitable to himself.[1] In fact at one point one of the SS-men told me that I should take great care to leave for England before July 1st. I asked why, and he told me that by then the police organisations of Prussia and Hamburg, separate until then under the Weimar Constitution, would be amalgamated. Up

[1]It goes without saying that both the SS and we were acting in bad faith. They, being shallow and superficial thinkers, assumed that an alliance with the East would allow them, as the original Schieffen Plan had intended, to crush the West first and then to turn East with full force. We, the dialecticians, thought that if they attacked the West with the permission of the East, the East would be able to choose its own time to attack them. And, of course, we were right. When Hitler realised his blunder he frantically attacked the East and lost everything. Q.E.D.

to now the SS could protect me from the Gestapo, but after that date the evidence about a certain Comrade Ackermann would be too glaring to be ignored for too long. I must have turned deadly pale when I heard this, and since about two or three more SS officers had gathered round us, I said in a feeble attempt to make a joke, '*Meine Herren,* are there any other reasons why you hold your hands over me in such a touching manner?' This was their amazing reply: 'First of all we respect your immunity as one who speaks for the Russian Government and is thus a valuable *Gespraechspartner*. Secondly we are theosophists and we know that you will do great work still for the Wisdom Tradition of Mankind. And so we want you to go to England which is the country where this work should be done.' And so indeed it has happened. The Pythagorean Brotherhood, my friends, is a fact. Nobody will believe this story. But Yama will know that it is true, word by word. Whom would I want to deceive?

c. First contact with Marxism, and later doubts about it.

My first contact with Marxism happened quite 'by chance'. In our Duesseldorf gymnasium, which by that time had become a Reform-Realgymnasium, the top form had been divided into two streams, called 'A' and 'B'. The 'A' stream contained the sons of good families, the 'B' stream the children of the lower middle classes, whom the new Republic, with the help of Government grants, wished to partake of a higher education. I was tolerably happy in 'A' where five of us formed a gang who usually walked and acted together (a boy called Neese was the one I liked most). In those days you were seated according to your grades, and I always sat at the farthest end of the room in either the first or the second place. The spirit of rebellion, constantly nourished by the emotionally intolerable home atmosphere, often made me kick over the traces, and the tolerance of my teachers was greatly strained. One day I went too far. It was a Latin lesson; everything taught was known to me, and I got bored; so I read surreptitiously the 'Decameron', which was underneath my Latin text. In itself this might have passed unnoticed if I had not felt impelled to tell my neighbour of a particularly striking passage. Suddenly the teacher came up to me, snatched up the book and told me that I was herewith expelled

from 'A' and would have to go to 'B'. Thinking of all the good friends I was about to lose I wept profusely. In a way this began the explusion, and separation, from my social class which has remained permanent.

In the new 'B' stream I found myself in company of all sorts of rough characters with whom I had nothing in common. Though I still remember a tall lanky boy called Jaeschke who was good at physics and whom we all teased and cuffed because he never washed his neck. He later on became prominent in the Gestapo in Paris, and I was glad that I had gone to England. The whole episode was so distasteful to me that it is almost a complete blank in my memory; except for Kurt Pritzkoleit, who radically changed my outlook on life. He was the son of an elementary school teacher and a Marxist. He was born 18.9.1904 (exactly six months later than I!) in Purgalken in East Prussia and died from a heart attack in 1965. The name seems to indicate that he belonged to one of the Slavonic minorities left behind in the German East by the Teutonic advance (like the Kaschuben) and that in itself would give him a chip on the shoulder. Except for a brief stay in 1937 in the Sachsenhausen concentration camp he survived the Third Reich as a journalist on the 'Hakenkreuzbanner' in Mannheim and then for five years in an Akak unit in the army. Excluded from the drawing rooms of his social betters, he spent much of his life in peeping 'behind the closed doors' of the board rooms of the companies which engineered the 'economic miracle'. After 1953 he published a number of informative but critical books about the 'secret' doings of 'the new masters' whom he found to be the same kind of people who had dominated Germany since the beginning of the century. My German informant tells me that in 1977 of his eight books only one pamphlet of 72 pages was still in print. In America this is known as being born on the wrong side of the railroad.

In Duesseldorf the different classes of Society lived in different quarters of the town. We in what is known as a *Villenviertel,* and the others somewhere else. Normally we saw none of the poor in their homes. This was partly because our mother forbade all close contact with children who spoke badly, had deplorable habits, and presumably harboured flees, lice and manifold infectious diseases. It was also because it never occurred to one to go into working class

quarters. Whatever for?[1] Nevertheless Pritzkoleit once or twice took me home, and I was really shocked how bare everything was, how poorish the furniture and food, how deprived the whole lifestyle, how lean, embittered and depressed the father and how poorish the furniture and food, how deprived the whole lifestyle, how lean, embittered and depressed the father and mother. It was he who introduced me to the basic ideas of Marxism, and they have never left me. It is not that I have particularly welcomed them as seemingly perpetual tenants within my head, and it may well be that they cling to me like so many limpets. But without them I would not be the man I have been, nor would I have done the work I have done, or understood the historical developments of my time, as well as I did, foreseeing everything correctly before it happened and swimming with the current of history. That is why in my Memoirs I must speak about my attitude to Marxism. Some time ago I had a visit from Prof. Trevor Ling of Manchester which at last made this issue clear to me: Like many other widely used words 'Marxism' has acquired quite a number of distinct meanings. Two, in particular must be clearly distinguished:

1. Marxism as the *scientific discovery* of the mechanisms, or rather the dialectics, of Capitalist Society. Here a parallel from the natural sciences may help. One hundred years after the publication of Galilei's *Due massime sistemi* (1632) it was generally recognised by the more intelligent people that he had discovered the basic laws of mechanical movement, and the result was known as 'mechanics' and not as 'Galileism'. There was an Aristotelean rearguard who complained about unfair infiltration by new and subversive ideas, and muttered into their beards about the bad personal character of Galilei and his vicious behaviour to all and sundry. They also

[1]Later on in my *Der Satz vom Widerspruch,* I formulated a theory of Social Blindness to indicate that one class of the population has not the remotest idea of how the other lives, thinks, or feels, and fills the vacuum with totally unfounded imaginations. I regarded this as an important contribution not only to sociology, but also to the elucidation of the Buddhist concept of ignorance, and I regret that so far it seems to have passed unnoticed. Berthold Brecht detected the Social Blindness at the same time that I did.

'Doch die einen sind im Dunkeln
Und die anderen sind im Licht.
Und man siehet die im Lichte,
Die im Dunkeln sieht man nicht' (Threepenny Opera)

pointed out that all his ideas, without exception, were unoriginal and borrowed from others going back as far as the Paris Nominalists of the Middle Ages. But irresistably it became clear to everyone in the end that Galilei had made a positive addition to human knowledge which nothing could take away again. It is the same with the social sciences a century after the publication of *Das Kapital* (1867), and I have no need to labour the comparisons.

2. Marxism as a *surrogate for religion*. Going back to 1732 we find that a number of *ideologues* took hold of these discoveries so as to build up a *Weltanschauung* which explains all the riddles of the Universe to their own satisfaction. They used the mechanical model for the purpose of making confident statements about the living body, the human soul, and the social system. This is just so much froth. The same thing has happened to Marxism. My allegiance is to the scientific discoveries alone which have become part of the knowledge accepted by all educated people everywhere.

There is also the moral factor, all-important to Buddhists. What irretrievably damns any Imperialist regime is its moral enormity. That is why, when the apple is at its most luscious, the codling moth is drawn towards it and implants the worm of moral protest which will destroy it, — Christ was born under Tiberius, the Communist Manifesto appeared in 1848, and the Buddhist Sangha grew step by step with the expansion of T'ang China.

What inevitably destroys any Imperialist Regime is that its victims are so much more numerous than its beneficiaries who are apt to kill themselves off or to get bored and soft. Like Engels I have always been conscious of the parallels between Christianity and Marxism, and in consequence I have at no time of my life ceased to be a religious socialist. What began in Barmen in 1848, has by now been firmly established as far away as Vladivostok, Shanghai and Saigon, and it just now spreads rapidly, with some assistance from St. Kalashnikov, from Luanda and Moputu to places still undiscovered 130 years ago. Right has proved stronger than Might all along the line, particularly since it has had some might on its side. It may be said that an Anatolian peasant was no better off under Justinian than he was under Augustus: but then last year's crop will die regardless of whether next year's crop is any better. And in any case, the constant slave raids had ceased, the altars no

longer reeked with the blood of slaughtered animals, long rows of crucified victims no longer lined the roads to Capua and elsewhere, horse races replaced the unspeakable cruelties of the Circus and the Colosseum was allowed slowly to shed its stones.

If I were asked whether my 'chance' encounter with Pritzkoleit has diverted me from my predestined course I would answer with an emphatic 'no'. Like most other 'chance' events it has kept me on the path I was meant to take. Because, if I was meant to help with the introduction of the Mahayana into the West, then I would in Bolshevism have found a movement very much akin to the Mahayana, — in its concern for the masses, in the dialectical nature of its thinking, and in its desire to perform heroic deeds which have miraculous results.[1]

In addition, many upper class Germans flocked into the CP at that time without having heard of Pritzkoleit. To join the Party was then what shooting partridges is in England. In 1932, on the very same day that Von Hammerstein-Equord was appointed chief of the Reichswehr, two of his children conspicuously joined the CP. In 1929 in the District Leadership in Cologne everything was done by the sons of the bourgeoisie. One of us, an unusually haggard specimen who had some kind of lung disease, came from a coal-owing family in the Saar, and during hunger demonstrations could be relied upon to be in the forefront showing how the bourgeoisie treated their starving workers. Our two proletarians were called 'Sommer' and 'Winter', — they went to gaol for the indiscretions of our newspaper, the one in Summer and the other in Winter.

So I moved into Marxism at a time when it was a fashionable thing to do. The difference is that I did not join the exodus after the War. I know, however, only too well that my political views

[1]The Mensheviks, especially Martov, continually complained that the Bolsheviks acted against the basic tenets of Marxism. According to them the political organisation of the country is a weak superstructure dependent on the economic basis of that country. If Bolsheviks now tried to change the fundamental character of the economy by political decisions that was just impossible. Bukharin conceded the point, but added, — 'We will do it just because it is impossible. What we will do is to perform miracles', and that is what they have done. Likewise we read in the *Abhisamayalankara* that it is impossible for anyone to combine compassion and wisdom in equal proportions. The text adds, — and that is why the Bodhisattva will do it, because he is an heroic spirit who can work miracles.

though well-informed, well-expressed, and well-argued are not worth very much, because they are largely inspired by contrariness, a very basic character trait. At present I have to listen each day to unceasing prattle about the virtues of democracy which reminds me of nothing so much as the beating of the war drums.[1] In consequence I took great delight in a recent heading in *The Times,* i.e. 'Mental Patients As Capable of Voting as Ordinary Electors Government Told'. In 1918 when I was in a school run by a Dr. Stoy in Jena, my environment would have been definitely anti-democratic. In consequence I must have argued in favour of democracy, as shown by the following incident. In the French Class a grammatical point was discussed; there were two possibilities and everyone was asked what they thought. Only Eberhard Conze and no-one else got it right. Whereupon the teacher triumphantly addressed me and said, 'Herr Conze, now you see where you get with your democratic ideas of One Man One Vote. One must weigh the votes and not count them'. I was abashed and still am.

I will now tell of the four incidents which undermined my faith in Marxism to such an extent that after 1933 I did little to promote it. Why I did nothing against it will become clear when we come to my American adventures.

(1) The first doubt arose in 1929-30 in connection with the theoretical basis of Marxist economics, i.e. the Labour Theory of Value. It was implanted into me by Prof. Joseph Alois Schumpeter, a world famous economist at the University of Bonn. He was a quite unusually intelligent man from Moravia. Since he had some Jewishness about him he was wise to move on to Harvard as early as 1932. He befriended me, enjoyed putting fleas into my ears, and also liked to hear from me what contemporary Marxists thought about things. He drew my attention to a serious weakness in the Marxist explanation of surplus value, i.e.: The profit of the entrepreneur contains some element of wages, however small it may be. Though he may do little, he at least does something. Engels, who had toiled for many years at Ermen & Engels in Manchester, shrugged off the problem by saying that everybody could do this kind of work and that it amounted to almost nothing. Schumpeter now argued that

[1]Compared with the Goddess of Democracy the Carthaginian Moloch almost resembles an inoffensive vegetarian swamin.

only very few people had the gifts to be entrepreneurs and that their remuneration had therefore to be very high because the price of rare commodities bears no real proportion to that of commodities which can be reproduced at will by expending human labour. The price of zinc is largely determined by the cost of the labour needed to produce it: but not so that of a painting by Rembrandt. He concluded from this that we would never be able to keep up our virtuous practice according to which even the highest functionary in the Party could be paid no more than, I think, double (or three times?) the wage of a skilled worker. As soon as we really began to understand the problems of running a modern economy we would be forced to pay enormous differentials so as to get those few who had the peculiar gifts needed for managing industry. By 1960 this had clearly happened in the Soviet Union. When in Moscow I wanted to visit a particular district I was told that this would be inadvisable, because it was 'they' who lived there, and 'they' did not like people to snoop about where 'they' lived. So this was the *Villenviertel* of my younger days, only in 'proletarian'.

Schumpeter's arguments, which strike at the very foundation of Marxism, appealed to me not so much because they were logically conclusive. I have never paid much attention to logical reasoning but prefer direct observation, and here my social background provided plenty of evidence. The Conzes, Colsmans, Koettgens, Schniewinds, Seyfferts, and so on, among whom I grew up, did their business through family firms which are in Germany called *Kommanditgesellschaften*. They have great advantages; for instance profit is taxed only once, whereas in Limited Liability Companies the State first taxes the company for the profit and then the shareholder for the dividend. There are, however, two disadvantages: the owners are liable for losses with their private fortune, and they must be members of the family. This system soon revealed that many of our relatives, however gifted they might be in other ways, were catastrophic business managers. One could see this in the silk-dyeing business of my maternal grandfather, who had in my boyhood played now and then with the idea of training me to take over the business, but soon decided that I was unutterably hopeless. When he died no-one could be found, except a relative who had gone bankrupt in England. He, in turn, had two sons. The

brighter of the two set himself up in a garage in Bochum and prospered. A few years after the other had taken over the firm it went bankrupt. I remember clearly the state of affairs when I stayed in the *Quellenthal* (largely commandeered for refugees) shortly after the War. The young Koettgen was stupid, cowardly and, worst of all, had no judgement. He was afraid to go into the factory because the workers were cantankerous. The very sound of my mother's voice reduced him to pulp. And he had just been persuaded by distant relatives of ours, called Von Waldthausen, to buy a coal mine. He regarded this as a real master stroke, because at that time there was a shortage of coal. Everybody with the slightest common sense, including myself, pointed out to him that, Germans being Germans, there would soon be plenty of coal and that also the *'Von'* in one's name did not necessarily guarantee that there would be much coal left in this particular mine (and so it turned out). This is just one of countless examples which shows that entrepreneurs, though perhaps not quite as rare as Rembrandt's paintings, are at least as rare as master paintings in general. If one has a Society which requires their peculiar talents, one has to pay for them through one's nose. The anarchist streak in my nature is inclined to add that in that case it might be better to think up a different kind of society altogether.

(2) After this doubt I will mention a shock which happened at about the same time. I then was the boss ('Political Leader') of the Bonn Party. One evening we had assembled, found the agenda was over in no time, and had nothing to do. So I proposed that we should discuss what life would be like under socialism. This was strictly *'verboten'*, because it came under the heading of 'Utopian Socialism' which had been refuted (Ueberwunden) by Marx and Engels eighty years ago. Nevertheless I did, as usually, what I had been told not to do, and I have never regretted it. The debate proceeded rather sluggishly, resembling the difficulties which Buddhists have in discussing Nirvana, incidentally another forbidden topic! So to inject some life into the discussion, I referred to a well-known passage in Engels *Antiduehring*, and said that we would try to do without luxuries, so that people should spend as little time as possible on soul-destroying toil, and have more leisure for the cultivation of their minds. 'What we plan to do is to reduce the

working day to two hours'. Well, this was the spark that lit the flames! A woman functionary asked pointedly whether there would be any silk stockings in the Socialist Society. Now this was for once a remark anyone could understand, and everyone became visibly interested. One must remember that while we were definitely eager to carry out the wishes of the working people, we effectively prevented them from speaking their minds by using a phraseology in which no working man could feel at home, full of such terms as 'the Contradictions of Capitalism', 'The Dictatorship of the Proletariat', 'Lumpenproletariat', or 'Democratic Centralism'. As compared with all that, one at least knew where one was with the subject of 'silk stockings'. Unaware of the peril I was in, I replied to the girl, 'No, under Socialism there will be no silk stockings'. Before I could substantiate this decision she angrily burst out 'So that is what we get from having intellectuals like you telling us all the time what to do! There you are, thinking you are God knows who! And why? Because your family have exploited the workers to make them these very silk stockings which now suddenly we no longer want. The *Herr Doktor* brings along silk stockings and gives them to his mattresses[1] for services rendered. And when the time comes when, at last, we *all* can get such things as silk stockings (so far confined to your relatives and harlots) people like you decree that there will be none. If that is Socialism I want to have none of it.'[2] With that the dams burst and for once I heard our working class members speak their minds. What they wanted was what the bourgeoisie had always had — fine food, fine houses, fine clothes, fine cars, fine everything. 'You, Comrade Conze, have always had these things and we can well understand that you have got bored with them; but we have never had them and we want to get them. That is what *we* mean by Socialism.' This evening was not easily forgotten.

Thirty years later, in Moscow, I had another instance of this tension between the intentions of the Communist elite and the aspirations of actual working people. A Member of the Polit Bureau had visited the Embassy of Ceylon where I then lived. All I

[1]German: *Matrazen*. This is working class German for *Maitressen*, 'mistresses'. There had been indeed one or two cases of such gifts to deserving Party workers, but not to her. She did not have the special qualifications required. Appendix 10, no. (3a).

[2]This reminds us of Arthur Scargill after a visit to Bulgaria, saying, 'If this is Communism, they can keep it!'

remember of him is that in some way he was the thirteenth, that he represented Kazakstan, and that he was fired a few months later for some untoward happenings in his fief. Since I had to go to the Institute of Asian Studies in the *Armyansky Per* which was on his way back to the Kremlin, he was asked to take me with him. With the hammer and sickle fluttering in front of us we roared in his chauffeur-driven car across some very wide roads (which seemed less impressive later on after I had been to Chicago and San Francisco), on a special lane where the militsia saw to it that we did not have to wait at traffic junctions. He spoke excellent German and since I still knew how to use the Marxist jargon we got on well. He asked me the usual question of what I thought of 'The Socialist Achievements of the Soviet Union'. I gave the by then usual reply that I was kept too busy at my Orientalist Congress to have had time to study those 'Socialist Achievements of the Soviet Union'. He then reminded me that we were given plenty of opportunities to visit scheduled hospitals, schools, factories, and what not. I considered this remark an insult to my intelligence, and looked out of the window of the car. He asked, — 'I hope that you like our wide roads'; to which I said, 'Yes, I think they are very admirable. And what I particularly like about them is that there are no bloody cars on them.' This hit him unintentionally on a weak spot, because he himself had told me that the USSR would 'overtake the USA by 1965', 'if they do not attack us first', and this desire to produce more junk than even the USA seemed to have taken the place of the aspirations which had once led me into the CP. So, insensitive to irony as most people seem to be, he told me that 'we could have as many cars as the USA, but we do not want to have them. We have been to the USA where everybody is dashing about from place to place, making a frightful noise and stink in the process. We think people should learn to stay at home and be content with what they have got', and to his great surprise I gave my hearty blessing to his point of view. In fact the patron saint of our house in recent years has been Sheikh Yamani. But what *has* happened? The virtuous commissars have been overruled by the people they rule over, and Fiat is spewing hundred of thousands of cars each year into the Soviet economy. And why? Because the despotism of Stalin's days has been relaxed. This shows to me that, as I had thought originally,

Socialism requires the despotic rule of a virtuous and disinterested elite. There can be no democratic Socialism because there is no limit to the greed and improvidence of the masses. To some extent this has been our difficulty in England, and also in China the problem has remained so far unsolved.

(3) Next we have the story of how I helped to abolish the Municipal Brothels in Cologne. Chronologically this happened before the other two events, but the message took longer to sink in. At that time I was an Agit Prop and occasionally went to help out in our newspaper. One morning I was dreaming away at my desk when a Comrade showed me a report from Russia sent by a technician who had gone to work there, and asked me what I thought of it. I glanced through it and told him that it seemed to be alright, and that it was in any case favourable enough to be printed. He drew my attention to the kilos of meat which this man and his family allegedly consumed per month and pointed out that divided by thirty that would give about 2.8 kilo of meat per day per person. So I told him to find out how much meat a person can eat per day, to subtract 20% and to put in that new figure. Nevertheless the incident left a bad taste behind and I could not shake off the feeling that this man (familiar with illegality) intended to tell us something which was probably none-too-pleasant. These thoughts were cut short by a young woman coming into the room and flinging on to my desk the belt of a Nazi Storm Trooper, adding a watch rather more gently. She turned out to be a prostitute and these were the belongings of Dr. Ley who had some days ago left them as security for the payment which had failed to materialise. Dr. Robert Ley (1890-1945), was, of course, the boss of the Nazi Party in Cologne and quite high up in Hitler's gangsterdom. I accepted this gift with mixed feelings, sent her off and called a meeting to discuss what to do. Some of the comrades were not at all keen on doing anything, and felt that we had no reason to act as the guardians of bourgeois morality. Others feared that this was some kind of trick which might one day harm us. But the vast majority thought that this was an absolute God-send. And that for two reasons:

(a) In May 1928 the Nazi paper, the *Westdeutsche Beobachter,* had for weeks conducted a most fascinating campaign against Katz Rosenthal, a Jewish Butcher's shop and restaurant in the centre of

Cologne. They had told many tales of filthy and unhygienic conditions and just at that time had scored a hit with the story of a popular boxer, called Domgoergen, finding half a mouse in a pie he had bought in that restaurant. Now at last we had something equally newsworthy. And so it turned out, because when some time later we brought out our paper with the gigantic headline 'Dr. Ley Im Puff'[1], our sales soared astronomically and continued to do so for weeks as we developed the various aspects of this non-event which soon overshadowed the mouse-infested ragout and the endless jokes about *Katz und Maus*.

(b) And secondly, in Cologne the votes of male and female voters were recorded separately and showed that the Centre Party and the Nazis got more women than men, whereas we got very few women indeed. So we thought that this imbalance might be to some extent corrected if the women voters knew what this Dr. Ley thought about the 'sanctity of the family'.

Accordingly we decided to take acton, but first to find out what the actual facts were. I was one of those detailed to ascertain them. I had never so far bothered my head about the brothels of Cologne, because in these matters I preferred to rely on enthusiastic amateurs who were certainly cheaper and healthier, and also probably more satisfactory. What I now saw was a short street of old houses in the Old City near the Rhine (it must have been flattened out in the air raids) which were entirely given over to prostitution. We soon made friends with everybody and joined in the drinking of bottled beer and the playing of Skat with a few of the girls who were off work, and with the policemen who were somehow hanging about the place. We got on very well with everybody until one day I made a mistake. Dr. Ley had sued us and I had brought a girl secretary along to take down depositions of witnesses. This was distinctly naive. The moment she appeared, there were violent hoots and jeers from all windows at the same time, and I was told that this was just not done. With some difficulty I found a man who could take shorthand.

As Marxists we were of course trained to look everywhere for the property relationships, and while we were chatting along we found

[1]'Dr. Ley in the Bawdy House'. The last word should be monosyllabic but in Rogets I can only find 'stew' which would be too ambiguous.

out that these brothels belonged to the Municipality of Cologne, popularly known as Holy Cologne *(Das Heilige Koeln)*. This caused us unmitigated joy because that Municipaliity was firmly controlled by the Centre Party and its pious Roman Catholic priests. Our CP Councillors had so far mainly obstructed everything by throwing ink bottles or banging with the tops of their desks. Now they were given the task of wooing the women's vote by demanding the abolition of these brothels. It took some time to find out the actual facts which were as successfully hidden in the Budget, as later on the facts about Vietnam in the Budget of the USA. Through my work on scholastic philosophy I knew some of the Roman Catholics personally, and they tried to persuade me to desist, by telling me that most of the proceeds of these lucrative enterprises were used for cultural purposes such as the building up of libraries. Not only was I under Party discipline, but I actually thought that I was doing good because I had become really incensed at the way in which these poor girls were pushed around by everybody. In the end, we forced an open vote in the local Parliament and the City decided to close its Municipal brothels.

As I should have known if I had been older, and more experienced, the results were none-too-good. In their brothels, they had twice weekly been examined for VD. Now that they had been scattered all over the place, this could be done only if and when they were arrested.In consequence many people got VD who would not have got it otherwise. As for the dignity of these females which so much agitated my heart, they were no longer the victims of brutish and unimaginative small-time officials, but instead they fell into the hands of pimps and rapacious landladies. As I have said before, at that time I still studied with Prof. Max Scheler whom I greatly admired. One day we were walking along the *Hohestrasse* where we were constantly accosted by hungry tarts. After a time he turned to me, and said 'I hope Herr Conze that you are pleased with your handiwork'. Coming from such a source this remark has burnt itself into my mind until this very day.

It had been one of the attractions of Marxism that, 'so far philosophers have only re-interpreted the world, whereas the real task is to change it'. It gave one the impression that one was doing something. In the intervening years it has become increasingly clear to me that

it is very difficult to do anything whatsoever without doing some harm at the same time. Even the best of intentions do not protect you from causing mischief as became clear from my Cologne activities. In my Tutorial Classes I used to ask the students whether they could think of any action that was indubitably beneficial. As good Britons they invariably mentioned Florence Nightingale. They were dismayed to hear that the effect of Florence Nightingale's work was to make Wars last longer until the Nations nearly fell to pieces (as in 1918 and 1945). Before her 'reforms' Armies melted away from epidemics and soldiers could fight only once. Now one could no longer rely on the germs and surgeons to remove them, but had to wait for the bullets of the enemy. And many of the wounded could be patched up to fight another day. In consequence Wars became more disastrous than before. Even the Achievements of a man like Pasteur have now become questionable. Before his days we dealt with germs by surrendering a number of our people and developing anti-bodies which gradually tamed them. Now we just kill, and this war on the germs will cost us dearly. There are far too many of us, and some truly grand culling will have to take place. In addition once the defences have broken down, the effect of the germs will be as devastating as smallpox was to the Red Indians, or the common cold to the Polynesians. We no longer know where we are, and it is difficult to rejoice in the Marxist conception of social engineering and the idea of treating vast masses of people as the 'raw material of history'. Increasingly, by prolonged meditations on the first precept, I have become convinced that one must at all costs try to respect the right of everything to be what it is, and that interference of any kind is paid for heavily in the end.

(4) This leads me to my fourth point, — the conclusions which I drew from my visit to the Soviet Union in 1960. I had seen and experienced so much that on my return I knew no more what to think. My main reaction was that of one vast sadness and a deep feeling of sympathy with the Soviet people. When reporting to Mr. Sutton of the IOL, who had sent me as a delegate, I said in passing that 'in any case I think that Socialism in the Soviet Union is as dead as mutton'. A few days later he rang me to say that he had mentioned this remark to a friend in MI5 who would like to see me and whether I would be willing to tell him in my office the reasons for

my statement. Remembering my duties as a citizen of the country which saved my skin in 1933, I made an appointment and before that came about I had, of course, to organise my chaotic memories in such a way as to produce an intelligible conclusion. It was this:

When I went to the Soviet Union I expected the unexpected, remembering that the Liberté and Egalité of 1789 had by 1793 begotten the Fraternité of Robespierre and then later on twenty years of Napoleonic Wars had devastated Europe and reduced the height of French recruits by two inches. So I was not at all surprised that I could not see much 'Socialism', either in the Social system or the mentality of the people. Often I was inclined to believe with Pasternak that the Russian Revolution had never taken place, a belief independently formulated by my friend Prof. Basham who, another ex-Communist, looking around him in Moscow said that all this would be just the same if the Tzar had stayed on, or Kerenski had won, or Kolchak, or anybody else. Since I was unwilling to admit that my Marxist days might have been entirely wasted, I asked myself, — what then has Communism actually achieved?

It has achieved two things: (a) It has conferred a military advantage to those who adopt it. Just as 150 years ago bourgeois armies for a time beat feudal armies, so up to now Communist armies have defeated Capitalist armies. (b) It has enabled Nations to regain their ancestral soul. The hectic culture that we have had in Europe has been bought by the systematic destruction of all other cultures over the last 450 years. By the end of the 19th century we stood alone in our over-towering eminence, lost faith in our own cultural values and were overtaken by the spirit of nihilism. This led to the senseless massacres of the First World War, to the equally senseless bestialities of the Second World War, and may well lead to the elimination of about 1-2000 million people in the near future. It was the genius of Lenin to have seen that the First World War meant the moral abdication of European leadership. Ever since the 18th century countries like Russia under Peter the Great, or Japan under the Meiji dynasty had sought protection from the European onslaught by adopting some of our ways. After 1917 Marxism-Leninism has given non-European countries just enough of an inoculation with European thought to enable them to shake off their

bondage to the liberal democratic thinking of the European bourgeoisie and to revert to their own ancestral ways. For there can be no doubt that what I encountered in the Soviet Union was Mother Russia, as she had been for 800 years at least.[1] The same thing happened in China. And even in Germany, so I am told, the Communist part has preserved much more of the traditional German values, whereas the West is an American province also in its culture. Be that as it may, my visit to Russia led to my final parting from Communism. The two things I spoke of are surely worth while, but they were not what I had hoped for when I had joined in 1928.

d. Unkind remarks about Buddhist Societies at home and abroad.

It has surprised many that my Buddhism has confined itself to scholarship and private practice, and that I have avoided close contact with its social manifestations in both East and West. I have never had the slightest desire to go to Ceylon, Burma or Japan to see for myself what Buddhists are like, and this omission has caused much incredulous comment in the USA, particularly among people outside my Department[2]. This is partly in keeping with the traditions of a certain type of German scholarship. Max Mueller never went to India but waited in Oxford for the Indians to come to him. Arthur Waley never went to China or Japan, and it is said that when the Japanese Noh players came to London, he refused to attend their performances because what he saw might disturb what he had thought. The basic reason is, of course, that the traditional East is in the process of rapid dissolution and is everywhere being replaced by a modern society. Buddhism is rejected by the more vigorous elements in each country, and its literary traditions are being transferred to the West to be kept here, in cold storage, for further use when peace returns at last and the constant threat of Imperialist intervention in Asian affairs will have been laid to rest. This reminds me of a *faux pas* which I once committed on a visit to

[1]This, of course, has by now become widely known among the more thoughtful members of the public. The most profound analysis of the forces at work can be found in an article by Vatro Murvar, of the University of Wisconsin, on 'Messianism in Russia' in *Journal for the Scientific Study of Religion* X4, 1971, 277-338.

[2]Inside the Department I was known as'The Maria Callas of Buddhist Studies' which is high praise indeed. The Callas did not have to go to Seville and learn how to roll cigarettes so as to sing Carmen properly.

Dr. Snellgrove in Berkhamsted. It was his birthday, I think, and as a present I had bought him at Collets Chinese Book Shop, opposite the British Museum, a recent Communist publication from Lhasa because I thought that he would be interested to see what happened to the Tibetan language when it was used for communist instead of Buddhist purposes. Snellgrove just accepted the present and left it on a mantelshelf. An hour later Pasang, his Sherpa helpmate, could be seen totally absorbed, and with shining eyes, reading the new gospel for the present day. I had not intended that.

Furthermore, I feared that the actually existing Buddhists would probably turn me against Buddhism, just as the actually existing Christians had turned me against Christianitry. Faith ought to be tempered with prudence as we can read in the very first pages of *Don Quixote.* Before he turned Knight-errant, he cleaned up his great-grandfather's armour, and added a new makeshift vizor to the helmet. 'Then to know whether it was cutlass-proof, he drew his sword, and tried its edge upon the pasteboard vizor; but with the very first stroke he unluckily undid in a moment what he had been a whole week in doing.' So he mended it as best he could, but was careful not to test it again as before, in case he would smash it once again.

The first public speech I ever made, in Cologne, was at a huge meeting of the Free Thinkers *(Deutscher Freidenker Bund).* There I pointed out that we did not object to God ruling in the heavens, but that we had the strongest objection to his interfering on earth on the side of the reactionaries, and that we would do everything to send him packing, so that we could get on with the task of building Socialism. In other words, — spiritual teaching is alright, but it itself clearly condemns the social role of Christianity. As I became less naive, I noticed that the German Free Thinkers did not share my views but that many of them felt a most incredible spite for Holy things motivated by nothing more sublime than grossness of mind. As for the social aspect of Christianity, my own experience had shown the Protestant clergy to be the slavish lackeys of the bourgeoisie, and of the militarists. In my native Langenberg, the Conzes, Koettgens and Colsmans treated the pastor as a sort of coolie who came at Christmas up to our villas to be handed a dead goose or duck. As a reward he preached each Sunday sermons on

the need to be content with little, to realise that we have no abiding place and that our true life lies beyond, — interspersed with warnings against the Godless social democrats and sycophantic praises of his Majesty the Kaiser. I know this well because we poor children had to go to Church every Sunday so as to be an example to the Lower Orders. At the same time the God of these parsons was a 'German God', 'The God of Battles', and they were very keen on blessing the guns which Krupp had so patriotically provided. When War came these overfed creatures accompanied the German Army into Belgium, France and Russia, where they used to raise their stubby fingers to the sky and exclaim, — 'God is with us'[1]. I will never forget or forgive these blasphemies which have shaped my attitude to Christianity for this life at least. When I later on saw a film showing South Vietnamese monks sprinkling Holy Water on American tanks, I was glad never to have witnessed this degradation with my own eyes. Though I had a little glimpse of it when I was visited in my Seattle office by the Buddhist chaplain of the Thai army (which at that time had invited the USAF to make themselves at home, so as to be able to pulverise the people of Vietnam and Cambodia with their B-52's). He was the same kind of fat snail whom I had known in Germany. Just as they had been impervious to 'Those who conquer by the sword will perish by the sword', so he could not explain to me the meaning of, 'I undertake to observe the rule to abstain from taking life'. Even Zen has turned out to have been stained with this universal bloodthirst, and the monks have betrayed their calling by training the Kamikaze pilots. No-one should forget that this is the Kali Yuga in which everything begins to stink.

So this is why I have never travelled to the East. As for the Buddhist movement in the West I have, in spite of many wooings, kept aloof from it for three reasons:

(1) In a Capitalist Society money rules everything, and it is apparently impossible to devise an organisation in which the spiritual people stay on top. In Tibet, for instance, where there was a better understanding of these things, a monastery normally had two Abbots, — an ascetic thin man with the angular profile of a schizophrenic who

[1]There was a very impressive picture of this in *Der Spiegel,* taken in Louvain, just before the place was burned down.

looked after spiritual things, and a thick-set bully of a man who looked after the money. All the rules put the thin man above the thick man. This is not so in Europe and America. I could give plenty of examples, but will not do so. Not only have the monied people all the power, but in addition these tiny, groups have the greatest difficulty in surviving as separate entities, and whenever you visit them they are worried about houses, printing bills and what not.
(2) The people who are attracted by sectarian Buddhism are usually not much good. Why should anyone wanting to lead a spiritual life being by pinning on his chest a label, 'I am a Buddhist', as if he were a participant at an American convention? In Part I I spoke of 'the old ladies from Kensington' (p.79). These are rich old women who usually have buried their husbands and look for some undemanding form of religion. The doctrine of reincarnation attracts them for three reasons, (1) because it allows them to believe that they have spent much of their time in the past as Egyptian princesses and the like[1], (2) because it frees them from the sense of social guilt which is endemic in the bourgeoisie of the twentieth century, by persuading them that they deserve their money and privileges as a reward for merit gained in the past and (3) because it convinces them that their precious selves will not be lost when they die. In addition theosophy promises them a share in the wisdom of the ages and thrilling participation in mysterious and esoteric kinds of knowledge. What they want to avoid most of all is to have some hardship, or discipline imposed upon them. In consequence, once they had understood the message of the *Abhisamayalankara* they rose in revolt. All these 'scholastic complications' were apparently unnecessary because all that was needed was 'to have no thoughts'. I countered by saying that this was easier for some people than for others. For the rest, I was told that all one had to do was to call nothing one's own. So I asked the rich hags whether they ever locked their doors and what they did with their cheque books when they went out. It was all no good, they successfully prevented further teaching and the class fizzled out. People like that always constitute

[1]Nor does Christmas Humphreys himself disappoint us in this respect, when he tells us of 'an incident in Egypt when Rene and I were together in the reign of Rameses II. I was immensely proud of my gold breastplate as an officer in the royal bodyguard, and she was a Virgin of Isis. We loved, somehow, and unlawfully to the point of death for both of us'; and so we go on. *Both Sides of the Circle,* 1978, p.33.

a large part of the ostensible membership of any religious movement. They do no harm as long as they are firmly kept in their place. In the Catholic Church they are sufficiently frightened about Hell and purgatory to behave themselves and to leave much of their money to Our Mother the Church, so that Masses may be read for the salvation of their souls.[1] Our sectarian Buddhist groups in Europe and America have not yet found a technique for dealing with this problem. It perturbed one of the Roshis who came over from Japan at the invitation of the Society and who one day visited me in Ladbroke Square. He told me that he was going home earlier than intended, because he could not teach the people offered to him, who struck him as sheer riff-raff. To show them what he thought of them, he had thought out a special koan[2]. This was it:A very cold room is unheated. A tea ceremony is being performed. The person who gives the tea lets a drop from her nose fall into the tea cup which she hands on. What should the recipient do?[3] Apparently, this caused real consternation, as in these circles the slightest breath of indelicate reality is unwelcome and must be avoided.

A surprising number of temporary Buddhists become Christians, very often Catholic, either Roman, Anglican or Orthodox. At one time I had had the same idea. In 1942 (or 1943?) I had become so fed up with the enormous strain of keeping up my one-man monastery, that I tried to persuade a priest in Fordingbridge to accept me into the Catholic Church on condition that I could join a contemplative order. Curiously enough that was at the same time when, unexpectedly and unbeknown to me, my mother was received into the Church of Rome in the then very remote Germany. The deal failed because of my attitude to the dogmas. I was quite willing to agree to accept them by the suspension of doubt, because, like the Holy Trinity, they dealt with subjects

[1]If you should infer from this that my own mother left a large part of her fortune for precisely this purpose you would not be mistaken.

[2]The giving of koans is a parlour game which enlivens Zen classes. The koan is treated as a riddle to which no one, least of all the leader of the class, knows the answer. In this way no one is ever put out or learns anything definite. In the more leisured circles of the West salvation by Zen is often regarded as a matter of withering retorts and smartaleck remarks.

[3]This has a curious parallel in the German saying, — 'What is it that in winter glitters most in Church?' 'The drops in the noses of the old women'. The roshi is unlikely to have heard of this. — My friend Maurice Walshe found a brilliant solution to this koan, i.e. 'the nose drop slips into the Twining tea'.

patently above the capacities of the human intellect. But this was deemed to be insufficient. It appeared that positive faith in them was required, and of that I obviously had none. Years later when I lived in Oxford, I heard that this very priest had been unfrocked in Liverpool for homosexual offences. Casually I mentioned the story to my Dominican friends, who told me that I should never have been rejected. In that case none of my Buddhist writings would have appeared, and I would now be on the way to becoming another Cardinal Newman. At 73 I would have to wait another five years for the purple.

For the rest, the membership of these Buddhist sects is distinctly unimpressive. At any time that I visit them I find that nearly all people there are what I would call 'raw beginners'. Apart from them, — and they replace one another in a steady stream, — there is a hard core of lugubrious rejects who rely on the sect for companionship and a sense of superiority over outsiders. In addition there may well be a large number of virtuous men and women who, like Caesar's wife, are easily overlooked.

It could even be argued that these Sectarian groupings do actually do some harm to the souls of their regular members. Since there is not enough money to pay people they are rewarded by having their tiny egos constantly massaged. Each one is praised by name for the wonderful way in which they baked cakes, sold tickets, organized rummage sales, and so on and so on. Just like any vicar! One should not forget that most of the good in the world is done by persons who are never known.

This gives me an opportunity to explain why those who have helped me with distributing PP - texts are termed *mohas*. This has been criticized on the ground that they have helped me and so do not deserve contempt. I am told that 'I have accepted their help and it is ungenerous to ridicule them.' So why do I persist? First of all, though a bit confused at times, the Delusion Type are surely a pleasant and amicable lot when compared with the Hate Type as disclosed in this SAGA of mine. So how can there be any contempt implied in this when I apply the word also to Carlo (p.74), my nearest and dearest in the Buddhist Society? Moreover, Buddhaghosa, when explaining the Six Types, also mentions what antidotes should be used against a predominance of greed, hate or delusion. One

way of combating Delusion is by the meticulous performance of routine tasks such as 'Sweeping the courtyard of the monastery'. That was before the days of vacuum cleaners, but in modern times the typing out of endless pages of PP texts, which must be largely unintelligible to them, gives these ladies a splendid opportunity to reduce their load of Delusion. Who then should be grateful to whom? A spiritual organisation must be run in such a way that, far from fussing over the amour propre of easily offended non-entities, they are constantly made aware of their own insignificance and need for additional merit. Take an average menopausal female in some suburb, unhappily married, unappreciated and without anything worth while to do. If we now give them the medicine which helps them, while at the same time exposing ourselves to having our serene selves invaded by their perpetual emotional difficulties, which they will insist on foisting upon us, — who then has to thank whom? And how could they fail to rejoice in the name *Moha*, since it indicates that they have been accepted, how ever so little.

Moreover, religion is a matter either of acting or of verbalizing. The first is the genuine article and seems to be independent of one's doctrinal stance. The verbalizing is largely a matter of over-compensation, and often indicates one's principal weakness. Christianity, which prattles more about Love than any other religion, has in fact been the most murderous and blood-thirsty of all religions. It is like the card-sharper who never fails to assure you of his honesty. Christmas Humphreys whose many virtues are all rooted and embedded in a firm soil of unyielding self-assertion, loves nothing better than to tell you what it feels like to have 'slain' the lower self. Rarely has this essentially humourless man contributed so much to the gaiety of his friends as when he told us with a straight face on p.220 of his autobiography *(Both Sides of the Circle, 1978)* that 'The Self was becoming the dominant force in me, whether I called it the Light within, or the Christ-principle', whereas 'the lower self' was 'diminishing in size, I noted (!) as the years went by'. Which one of his many 'I's' noted that, we wonder? In their desire to score against the Christians, Western Buddhists make much of *mettā* (friendliness). In fact it is almost unheard of to hear one of them speak about another without including some unfavourable comment.

Lord Longford, of all the people, has written a book on 'Humility'

(1969). It apparently caused great hilarity within his own family, who recite passages from it to one another when they feel under the weather. As an example of over-compensation it is hard to beat. In 1945 I was in Oxford a member of a Labour Club which met once a week for lunch. We had such people as G. D. H. Cole, Mr. Balogh, and also the then Mr. Pakenham who often sat next to me. He had the usual Oxford bray to an extraordinary extent, claimed to be related to the entire British aristocracy — the Duke of Wellington cropped up continually, — and condescendingly tried to make me feel at ease in case I was dazzled by so much splendour. He was still fairly young at the time. Years later he visited Sherborne to tell us about the evils of pornography, presenting himself as a battle-scarred warrior in the pornographic backalleys of Soho and Copenhagen and trying to scare the wits out of an audience composed chiefly of the kids from our two public schools (one for Boys and one for Girls). In the presence of these fledglings almost nothing realistic could be said. The few grown-ups who dared to open their mouths got a proper dressing down, were reminded of his Lordship's kinship to the Duke of Wellington through his great-great-great-aunt, and accused of unspeakable baseness of mind. 'If you could see what I have seen, you would all agree. . . etc', but alas, we were not allowed to see what he had seen! Humility indeed![1]

So by this reasoning much of verbalized religion is a whistling in the dark, and has little to do with the spiritual life. Most of the time it acts contrary to it, in that it fortifies us in our narcissism. Nor am I unaware that this interpretation is pretty uncomfortable when applied to myself. Committed to Mahayana Buddhism, I have to show equal regard for compassion and wisdom. When I look at my

[1]To make quite sure that I had done him no injustice, I went through the 820 pages of the three volumes which he has deemed necessary to tell us about his humble life. They are *Born to Believe* (1953), *Five Lives* (1964) and *The Grain of Wheat* (GW 1974). His humility is apparently his way of living like Jesus Christ. The difference seems to be that Christ's life could be told by St. Mark in only forty pages and that, unlike Christ, his Lordship is no worse for the practice of it. In fact, as he tells it, there is not much wrong with him. Ever so modest, he praises himself all the time. He grudgingly admits that he is a bit miffed because Harold Wilson attributed to him a mental age of twelve (GW 245) and because someone else called him, 'a senile tyrant' (GW 274); but in general, in his final summary in GW 271-280 his complacency is unruffled, he has been right and decent all the time. Though he admits a few faults, but, oh dear, how venial and endearing they turn out to be!

actual being, I find that my indubitable compassion is closely intertwined with a cruelty so elemental and deep-seated that I do not know where it comes from, and the wisdom goes together with much foolishness and lack of sagacity of which even this self-flattering auto-biography will give some example now and then.

(3) At this stage of human history one can not have Buddhism in a pure state. It can exist only as one component in a new synthesis. We are at the beginning of a new aeon, and just as two thousand years ago, with the coming of the Piscine age, all the old traditions faded away and lost their meaning, so also now with the coming of the Aquarian age. At that time the Egyptian priests could no longer read hieroglyphics; Druids and Etruscans faded away; a voice was heard, according to Livy, proclaiming from the sea that 'the great Pan is dead'; Apollo ceased to prophesy in Delphi, and the Olympic Gods lost their credibility; even the Jews changed their scriptures by the simple device of adding the vowels and destroying all copies of the old text. Similar convulsions took place in India and China. The old Buddhism of the Hinayana had exhausted its force, and admitted that it could no longer produce arhats; Hinduism completely changed its character; and in China all the ancient writings had been physically destroyed. In the Roman Empire a new cult which had started in one of its most flea-ridden provinces, and which was a laughing-stock to the Greeks and a stumbling block to the Jews, (1. Cor. 1.23.), had made its way irresistibly, just as Marxism has done after 1848. And do we not see all our old traditions crumbling before our eyes? Even the Catholic Church has been shaken to its very foundations, the beatification of Martin Luther does not seem to be far away, and Jesuits vie with Marxists in fomenting peoples' revolutions. Where Christianity is alive, it is reinterpreted in such a way as to become virtually unrecognisable. Buddhism in the 50's reached the 2,500th anniversary of its foundation, after which the prophecies foretold that it would be good only for fighting and quarrelling, whereas the precepts would be increasingly disregarded, — monks killing Prime Ministers, instigating the massacre of Tamils and so-called 'Communists', swilling Arak and listening to radio and television, and over much of the Buddhist World getting married and having children under one pretext or another. Likewise history has confirmed the ancient Tibetan prophecies according to which

the rule of the Dharma in this Holy Land would be terminated in 1950, and that the present Dalai Lama, if not his predecessor, would be the last. Obviously the converging, though conflicting, forces of Americanism and Marxism sweep everything before them, and whatever has life must somehow fuse with them, because those who just repeat the old words become irrelevant and can build no more than a few frowsty conventicles. Unable to function as plants, we must serve as manure.

As a Buddhist I have, of course, over the past fourteen years, made every effort I could make to meet Tibetans. With very few exceptions they seemed to be excessively vulnerable to modern civilisation. In Seattle, for instance, where about forty families had come in the wake of the Sakya hierarch, all except one, the Dezhung Rinpoche, had become Americans and their children had lost even their respect for their native religion. This is due to their attitude to machines and to sex. If a housewife has had to chop sticks for hours to make a fire, she is delighted to get heat by merely pulling a switch. If a man has trudged thousands of miles on foot, he is delighted to be taken by plane. So we found Sangye Tensing constantly switching on our electric stove to find out where the heat came from. Or, in 1954, I had in my City Lit. class a Ven. Tri-Kong, from Vietnam, who followed the Pali Vinaya which does not allow monks to handle money. In consequence I had to go with him to Holborn Tube Station, and buy him his ticket home. When he saw that I put sixpence into a slot, and out came a ticket, he insisted that I should put in one sixpenny bit after the other just to see how the tickets came out. This childishness is an essential ingredient of the wisdom of the East, and it is something one must reckon with. One day I had a long discussion with three of David Snellgrove's lamas who were set up in considerable comfort in the Chalk Farm district of London. They were all enthusiastic about aeroplanes, cars, television sets and such things, seeing only their advantages and none of the gigantic price we pay for them. So I asked them why they had not welcomed the Chinese Communists who had come to industrialise their country, and to let them have all these wonderful machines? The answer was that the Chinese wanted to take away their religion *(chos),* whereas our three lamas wanted to have *both* machines *and* chos. I had to tell them that they would find preciously

little *chos* in the industrialised world, and proportionately less *chos* the more mechanised the place had become. They paid no attention and knew not what I talked about.

Secondly, as far as sex is concerned, it is difficult not to be struck by a streak of lecherousness in the Tibetan character for which we had not been prepared[1]. It is so pronounced that one begins to wonder whether the erotic extravaganzas of the Left-handed Tantras owed not perhaps as much to the rarified air of the Tibetan highland as to the steaming heat of the Plains of Bengal. Not only have the Tibetans everywhere turned out to be great begetters of children; in Seattle their promiscuity astonished even the Americans.

At this point I have had, at the last moment, to remove 25 lines of my text. My lawyer reminds me that also lamas can bring libel actions, even though they live miles away from this country. All those who refer to living persons have lately been warned when my old friend Lady Listowel was fined £72,000 for suggesting that some black politico in Southern Africa had sought personal gain. How scandalous indeed! Designed to mute all criticism of the fat cats of the Establishment our libel laws have become so unpredictable and horrendous that we will do anything to avoid a prosecution. The entire balance of this SAGA has been upset because two key chapters on Christmas Humphreys and Lady Wootton had to be removed to PART III until they depart to another world. As for this present world, he tells us that he made his, and she that she did *not* make hers. Both nevertheless, illuminate the post-imperial hangover to perfection.

The forty or so Tibetans in Seattle had been brought there originally on a two million dollar grant from the Ford Foundation. The Saskya hierarch had been assigned the function of stirring up trouble for the communists in Central Asia by speaking on Radio Free America (or whatever it was called) on such congenial topics as freedom, democracy and the rights of man. He was a feudal character of the same kind as the Tsarist nobility whom we met in Germany after 1918, and he behaved like a French nobleman in Coblenz after 1789. We also had the former Prime Minister of Tibet who was subjected to prolonged enquiries from our resident Anthropologists

[1]The same point is made by Hajime Nakamura, *Ways of Thinking of Eastern Peoples,* 1964, Part III.

and Sociologists who told us, that the politics in Lhasa were much akin to those of Byzantium in its last phase, and could well be described by the Buddhist simile of a lot of snakes trapped in the bottom of a basket.

Among all this tawdriness, I came however, across two nuggets of pure gold, — the one was the Dezhung Rinpoche in Seattle, and the other the Mongol Da Lama in Berkeley. More will be said about them elsewhere.

So these are my excuses for having stuck to scholarship, and having done no more for the Buddhist movement of my time. In addition I prefer solitude to being with people. And at times I cannot conceal from myself a long-held suspicion that the tastes, life-style and ideals of a Pratyekabuddha are so much more congenial to me than those of a Bodhisattva. This causes a bit of a fissure in one's innermost being. Seeds often lodge in such fissures, and bring forth fine fruit.

SECTION 2: PEOPLE

a. Etienne Lamotte

Among the most fruitful of my post war visits to the Continent were those to Etienne Lamotte in Louvain. You know that we two are probably Europe's greatest authorities on Prajñāpāramitā (if only because few others have worked on it) and when we met we turned out to be like twin brothers. We are both the same age, he being born on 21.11.1903. Both our families had close ties with the Church. Both our fathers were judges and Anglophiles. His father then lived in Ave in Le Luxembourg and still went through the ritual of listening to the BBC News each day, faithfully continuing what had been a dangerous defiance of the Nazi invaders in War time. He also tried to create an English lawn and anxiously asked me how far he had succeeded. Thereby he provided me with a fine opportunity to practise the art of the social lie[1]. As we Conzes had been brought up at home to regard ourselves as representatives of a small minority of civilized Rhinelanders in a State dominated and overrun by bossy and belligerent Prussians, loud-mouthed Berliners, crude Bavarians and repulsive Saxons ('the footsore of the Great Migrations'), so the Lamotte family saw themselves surrounded by

[1]This had been enjoined upon me from early days, since, at all costs, one had to avoid embarrassing other people. It led to my first childish doubt about my parents, probably in 1910 or 1911 when we lived in the Ulmenallee in Marienburg. (When I revisited the district as a student, I was amazed how small everything seemed). The neighbouring Cologne suburb of Bayenthal was then expanding fast and building sites broke out everywhere around us. We boys naturally swarmed all over them and performed stunning deeds of daring, such as creeping through long tubes, and so on. One day we played at jumping down on a number of bags of cement, bursting them open to our great satisfaction. Later on it dawned upon us that this would lead to trouble. I maintained that this need not be the case as long as we stuck to the following story, i.e. etc. To my incredulous amazement a Catholic boy said that he would not bear us out with this story because IT IS A SIN TO TELL A LIE. Now in our strictly Protestant, and therefore anti-Catholic and anti-Romish, environment we had been taught that, corrupted by Jesuits, all Catholics think they should tell lies whenever it suits them. And now this! The incident has had a deep influence on me. I have never forgotten it, and still see before me the place in the street where it happened. In those pre-ecumenical days the two 'confessions'were constantly at each other's throats. We were brought up on *Welsche Tuecke* (Romish perfidiousness), as described in the novels of Konrad-Ferdinand Meyer, and the sexual misdeeds of celibate monks, and, more interestingly, nuns, as related by an ex-Jesuit, von Hoensbroech. The Jesuits, in their turn, brought out biographies of their foes, and heaped dirt upon them. Apart from Martin Luther, my predecessor Voltaire had a bad time with them. I have never forgotten the vivid story of how, on his deathbed, he felt thirsty and frantically swallowed the contents of his chamber pot, slops and all. That was the last thing he did. *Ecrasez l'infame* was avenged. *Sic pereant omnes!*

a rising tide of uncouth barbarians called *Flamands,* who were even worse than the *Boche* and whose horrible lingo one could not possibly endure to learn, whatever the University authorities and their statutes might say. We spoke to each other with great freedom, though always in French. Because, although he could read English well, he pronounced it as if it were French. I remember how he told me with increasing impatience that something had to be translated as *höngdrä tusong,* and when I looked at what he had written, it was 'a hundred thousand'. He had heard that English people like whisky, and with the generosity of the people from the Ardennes, he offered it in tumblers, thereby loosening our tongues still further. His knowledge of England owed little to observation. He told me that he had visited it once, and had gone to some seaside resort. I believe it was Clacton-on-Sea. There his extraordinary appearance — a soutane, stained with cigarette ash, over a round belly, enormous shoes, a gauloise glued to his lower lip, and a funny hat, — had amused the local boys so much that they followed him, jeered at him, and threw stones. So he went back to Belgium where a Prêtre was still appreciated. As a Priest, he was assiduous in his duties, read Mass every morning, took confessions and recited his breviary. When I last saw him, he had risen to the rank of Monseigneur and worried about how his 'Histoire' had been received in the Vatican. '*Mon professeur,* do you think they will regard the book as *hérétique?'*

They obviously did not. His religious views showed the delightful mixture of absurdity and rationality which is one of the hallmarks of a true believer. Once, when whisky had flowed amply, he said out of the blue, — 'The main difference between me and you is that I am rational and you are irrational.' So I said, 'How come?' 'For instance, take this ridiculous astrology of yours. No educated person believes in that any longer. Have you never heard of the precession of the equinox?' To which I replied, — 'You know quite well that I did the horoscopes of all your family, and that I deduced from them that your father would leave his money not to you, the eldest son, but to your sister X. And to whom did he actually leave his money? Not to you, but to that sister. So much about the precession of the Equinox! In addition, you must obviously believe in this new absurdity just decreed in Rome, the bodily assumption of the Virgin Mary. What a funny idea! A middle-aged woman, some

beautiful afternoon, flying up into the sky, without any wings or the help of an aeroplane. If you call that rational I will eat my hat.' Without changing his voice he asked back immediately, — 'Then the believer in astrology does not believe in levitation?' 'Of course I do.' 'Then, please tell me, how far can you go by levitation, — *un centimètre?*' 'Of course.' *'Deux centimètres, trois centimètres?'* We settled for three feet and then came the kill. '*Alors,* if a mere sinful mortal can rise three feet from the ground, how can you be sure that *La Mère de Dieu* cannot rise to the sky to rejoin her Son in Heaven?' 'Well how can I?' I thought that that was really a triumph for the Thomistic training of the Catholic clergy. On another occasion, he introduced me to something which had never figured in the thought of my Calvinistic forefathers, — an entity called *Le Bon Dieu.* The discussion had been about *Extra ecclesiam nulla salus* and I had argued that this very unkindly condemned me to Hell for my views because I suffered from 'culpable' ignorance, since I rejected most Catholic dogmas after I had made a thorough study of scholastic philosophy. To which the reply was that *Le Bon Dieu* will forgive you, because He can look into your heart and see that your intentions are pure. This is not how God spoke in my grandfather's house.

On my second visit, it was revealed to me that there was also a Karmic bond between us, because our fathers had clashed in 1918. This came to light as follows: one day Lamotte told me that he had to see his father in the ancestral house at Ave in the Luxembourg and that he would ask a Belgian army jeep to take us both there. We arrived in due course at the delightful old house, going back to the sixteenth century at least. Soon I met the sister who had saved it from destruction by the retreating SS, by screeching at them, just as my mother, at about the same time had saved the Sacred Host. It was very quiet everywhere, and the house was surrounded by vast forests in which, in the mornings, if one got up early enough, one could see my totem animal, which is the wild boar. The father welcomed me in the charming manner which one expects from well-bred people everywhere, but there emanated from him an under-current of misgiving which puzzled me. When walking in the garden, we came across a sun-dial with the inscription:—

damna tamen celeres reparant caelestia lunae

So he asked me whether I remembered how it went on, and I replied:—

nos ubi decidimus
quo pater Aeneas, quo Tullus divus et Ancus,
pulvis et umbra sumus[1],

reeling off, without mistake or stumbling of any kind, all the fifteen lines up to:—

vincula Perithoo.

I was very pleased with myself, and thought, 'Now you will see what a highly educated person your son has brought into the house.' The actual result, however, was that he shot off, took his son with him and left me standing. Soon Lamotte came back rather sheepishly and said, 'We must go back to Louvain. You cannot stay here any longer. My father has said '*Ce n'est pas un anglais, c'est un Boche.* This is quite clear from the way he pronounces his Horace.'[2] And since we could not find an army jeep we had to go back by train.

Lamotte's father and mine were not only judges but they had both kept copious diaries and years later their sons could read up what had happened in 1918. Apart from the karmic bond, the story throws light on the mores of the times. So we must go back to my father. He had gone to Russia and early on had distinguished himself at the battle of Breczecziny where his battalion of Landsturm (men over 45) had saved the fleeing Death-head Hussars of the Kronprinz from annihilation by the pursuing Cossacks. He then had moved steadily onwards, until he became commandant of a base-camp in Dünaburg (Dvinsk, now: Daugavpils). When I was seventeen or eighteen I came across his illustrated diary in the library. This had a shattering effect on me and had much to do with my subsequent pacifism. It showed that War does not always ennoble the human character. There were horrifying pictures of naked dark-haired girls lying in fields where they had been raped, with their legs wide

[1]Yet swiftly in the sky the moons restore
Their losses; but when we go down to where
Are Tullus, Ancus and Aeneas, more
We shall not be than dust and shadows there. (Lord Dunsany)
While, though, waving moons can mend their celestial losses;
we, when we've fallen to where
pious Aeneas and richest Tullus have fallen,
linger as shadow and dust. (J. B. Leishman)

[2]As a result of moving to England from Germany I lost, among other things, the ability to make use of my vast knowledge of the Classics, because no-one can understand my pronunciation of Latin or Greek. Once I went to Prof. Cornford in Cambridge to give a paper on pre-Aristotelean logic by which I set great store. It fell completely flat, because my lengthy quotations remained incomprehensible.

apart and a bayonet rammed into their belly. Later on I read in T. E. Lawrence's book that German troops did the same thing to women in the Middle East. My father had to find out who had done this and the culprits were then tied to a tree and shot — some pictures showing the before and after. Nor were the Russians any better. They seemed to specialise in raping blonde girls and then splitting their skulls, either taking the axe with them or leaving it in. There were many other things like this which one does not normally learn about, and which I have never been able to forget. Be that as it may, my father's rheumatism became so bad that he had to be transferred to a civilian job. After giving some legal advice at Brest Litowsk, he was sent to Liège, where he became head of the Military Court of Justice *(Kriegsgericht)*. By that time the German armies were being driven back on the Western front and resistance in the Occupied territories stiffened more and more. In Liège the Belgian Judges, led by Lamotte, refused to co-operate with the German judiciary, went on strike, and did nothing whatever. This led to some mutual snarling between Conze senior and Lamotte senior which is duly recorded in their diaries. In December 1969 I had dinner with Lamotte in his flat in Louvain, where he was looked after by two of his sisters. I thought that now, fifty years later, it might be none-too-daring to refer to the events of 1918 and politely expressed the hope that I might be forgiven for what my father did to theirs. The answer was that their father had been very angry with mine for being uninvited in Belgium, where he had no business to be, but that he had always thought of him as a gentleman. Because there was one way of breaking the strike and that was to stop the salary which the Royal Government in Ypres regularly paid the striking judges in Liège. Yet, although he could have done so easily, my father never did so. Such was the world before the masses took a hand.

If my work on prajñāpāramitā has reached a certain degree of maturity, it is through what I learned from Lamotte in those years. I am apt to be more imaginative and fanciful, while he is more weighty and solid and so we complemented each other quite well. He thought in fact that I was a bit flighty, because I had all these outside interests. For instance, he just could not believe that I actually collected stamps and would not let me pick envelopes out

of his wastepaper basket. Even walking for its own sake, which at that time in Belgium was quaintly known as *Le Footing,* seemed to him a waste of time, and he never moved even an inch without having to. He was amazed at my vast knowledge of politics and my deep interest in it, and when once I made a sagacious remark about *La Môme Crevette,* he confessed to me that he had always thought that I was working for the British Intelligence Service. When I think how much mental and physical energy he saved by being indifferent to women, I see the limitations which decency and discretion imposes on an autobiography, because I cannot repeat what my astonished ears heard about a celibate's attitude to this so important subject of women. I may mention just one example of cultural clash. He wanted to know why Muriel and I had no children. So I mentioned the subject of birth control. This was before the days of the Pill and the details had to be spelled out to him. He was really shocked, and remonstrated with me, saying *'Mais c'est contre la nature'.* So I replied that it is also *contre la nature* to wear a soutane, to smoke cigarettes all day long, to scribble on paper and so on, but he failed to see the point. Though in my later life I began to see that he may have had one, if I compare the women of Catholic countries with the American Female.

In the end we wrote together a book on 'The *Bhūmi*-Chapter of the *Prajñāpāramitā*'. This was intended for the University of Cambridge Oriental Publications (which, I just see, has now reached its 26th Volume). Unfortunately, the Committee, headed by Prof. Harold Bailey, decided that our text was too extensive and that they could not afford to bring it out. This was a great pity, because the book is a real contribution to knowledge. First of all we gave all the Sanskrit and Tibetan texts of the various recensions of the Large *Prajñāpāramitā,* then an English translation, then a French translation, of the Recension in 25,000 Lines after Kumārajīva and of the commentary of Nāgārjuna, and at the end we gave a number of fine indices covering the Sanskrit, Tibetan and Chinese.

b. Giuseppe Tucci

Another person who became important for me was Prof. Giuseppe Tucci, head of Ismeo in Rome. Dr. Snellgrove had done quite a lot of work with him, and he introduced me to him at some function at

the SOAS. On that occasion Tucci got the impression that I held an academic position in Cambridge. This was not due to anything I had said or done, but, as a very busy man, he rarely found an occasion to check his impressions a second time. He then and there invited me to visit him in Rome, and in due course I went. When I arrived at the Palazzo Brancaccio, home of *Ismeo,* I was treated to a typically Italian scene, which goes back to Gaius Julius and the Aedui, and which also Mussolini used to enact. Some underling took me into a huge room and left me sitting on a couch for about half an hour or so. Then the great man, *il professore Tucci* himself, *il Senatore, La Sua Excellenza,* arrived with a clamorous retinue of about twenty or thirty people, so as to receive the newcomer from the North in style. Things did not go according to plan, however. It soon transpired that I was not in Cambridge and that I was not even English, but a German who had come to England in 1933. Consternation all round! A look at my nose showed that it was not for racial reasons that I had gone to England in that very year. So I had to be some type of Socialist or Communist. When he saw my tie — black and red as usually — Tucci, as he later told me, suddenly remembered that in 1936 he had bought a book, then banned in Italy, by a certain Conze about 'Spain Today'. He showed it to me some years later in his house in the Abruzzi. So this is what they had landed themselves with, — a self-confessed anarcho-syndicalist! It took some time to dispel the awkwardness thus engendered because Tucci was very sensitive on this subject of politics. His enemies, of whom he had many, always accused him of having been too closely identified with Mussolini and after the Allied takeover of Italy he lost his job for a time. He could reply that though his work had been generously subsidised by the Duce, he had never referred to him as *Il Duce,* but always as the *Capo del Govierno* and that, in return, he had never done anything more offensive than to photograph some of his Tibetan porters on a Tibetan mountain peak giving the Roman salute — surely a harmless frolic if ever there was one. One might well add that without material assistance from despotic governments, there would not be much human culture around. Mass democracies have either no taste, or are too stingy. For many years Tucci seems to have thought, quite wrongly, that our respective political past was a

barrier to friendship. Since he cared little for politics and regarded it as the concern of inferior beings, he gave the impression that he favoured my left-wing stance and liked to speak of his support for Nenni. What he really thought I do not know. Nor did he probably know himself. Once, however, he spoke spontaneously from the heart. His Francesca drove him, Muriel and myself in his Fiat, and he told us how unbelievably happy he had been this morning when he had heard on the Radio that a certain Richard Nixon, Vice-President of the U.S. and his blonde teutonic-looking wife had been 'spittened' at by the *populazione* of Lima in Peru. We heartily concurred, but added that 'spattened' might perhaps be better English.

Tucci presented a great contrast to Lamotte. He was a very outgoing person. He had been the only European, after Sven Hedin, who had been to Tibet himself for quite a number of times and he had made great discoveries there. Even when Tibet was finally closed to him, he used to spend several months each year in the Swat Valley doing excavations. His personality was that of a born leader. I once saw a film of one of these expeditions. There we could see Tucci, on a coracle made of the skin of some animal, crossing a river in full spate, and showing in his attitude to his native helpers the bearing which we can see on the famous coins of the Indo-Greek rulers of North Western India two thousand years ago. It looked as if some Eucratides or Antialcidas had come back to earth again. On the other hand, Tucci was not the kind of person who would want others to know him well. Most of the statements he made about himself were uninformative or apt to mislead. This applied particularly to his marriages. At that time he was living with a lovely woman called Francesca Bonardi whom he could not marry because of the Italian ban on divorce; though later on he got round that somehow and married her. It turned out that his first wife, like mine, had been an intellectual, and we agreed about the disadvantages of having intellectual wives and the superiority of our present children of nature. Francesca and Muriel got on well together. On one of our visits the Tuccis had a new Tibetan puppy. Francesca egged him on to bark at me, and he just would not stop. In the end, I took my rosary out of my pocket, sat down and softly said, '*Oṃ Maṇi Padme Hūm, Oṃ Maṇi Padme Hūm,* etc.' The dog's eyes opened wide, he

came slowly to me and sat by my feet. But still there was something that he did not like. So I remembered that Tibetans pronounce this mantra as '*Oṃ Maṇi Peme Hūm, Oṃ Maṇi Peme Hūm,* etc.' and when I recited this he snuggled against my leg, and was supremely happy because be was now home. Tucci was a man of outstanding wealth, social position and power. He was one of the few people I have met who belonged to a class superior to my own. When once I had a meal in his house, the macaroni were eaten with golden knives and forks. If there were none of these in the Conze houses, it was not only because we rarely ate macaroni. He was reputed to be so rich that he paid no Income Tax at all, but that may have been a rumour put about by his envious detractors. His social influence was great enough to finance the far-flung operations of his ISMEO and his yearly expeditions to Afghanistan, etc. On my first visit to Rome there was still quite a lot of anti-English feeling left over from the War. This was largely due to the fact that, after all the bombastic bellicose harangues of Mussolini, the Italian troops had fought as Italian troops have always fought, i.e. cautiously. Viewed from a hostile angle, one might have said that their record was pretty ignominious and that rankled in them. In a way their record was to their credit. When I attended Dr. Faust's Seminar on Hegel's 'Phenomenology of the Spirit' in Heidelberg, I rarely understood even one sentence within one hour of tuition. But one of the more intelligible statements has stuck in my mind ever since, — War requires people who have physical courage and are willing to give up their lives; this is possible only if their lives have first been made so worthless that they do not mind losing them. In the Winter before I came to Heidelberg that had been brought home to me when the Corps Borussia volunteered to join the *Black Reichswehr* and I found myself for a few weeks under military discipline. So I can well understand the fun-loving and cultured Italians not being over-zealous in fighting for the demented aims of their rulers which years later often look perfectly ridiculous. In any case, at that time, holders of British passports were subjected to all sorts of chicanery in the *Questura* where we had to get certificates of this and that. It was about 3.40 p.m. when I handed in my passport to the smartly uniformed neo-fascist lout at the *Questura*. All he did was to look at it with distaste and hand it back with the remark: 'It is very hot

today and we cannot do British passports after 3.30 p.m. You must come back again tomorrow.' I mentioned this to Tucci when I saw him later at his house. He was furious, rang up the *Questura* the following day and when I returned with my passport, I saw the feudal system at work, — not quite the *kowtow* but nearly so.

In addition, Tucci was one of the greatest scholars whom Buddhist studies have so far produced. At that time he had just published the three volumes of 'Tibetan Painted Scrolls' which are unsurpassed in their survey of Tantric doctrine and iconography. At £90, they were then one of the most expensive books on the market, and it took the I.O.L. a long time before they bought it. As a rich man he had a magnificent private library which was housed in two adjacent flats in a house at the northern edge of Rome, guarded by a *muet du sérail* and a hunchback priest. It is unlikely that this library was quite complete, but the fact is that I have never looked in it for a book without finding it. Soon I had the great privilege of being permitted to use this library at any time I chose. This permission was preceded by a ceremony which throws light on the mentality of both of us. Tucci has always believed that he owed his friendly reception by the normally suspicious Tibetans to the fact that in his last life he was a Tibetan who had decided to be reborn in the West, so as to help his people. Likewise I have shouted from the house tops my conviction that I am a noble Mongol[1] lama who, when he heard, back in the days of Lord Curzon and Sir Francis Younghusband, of a plot to invade the Holy Land of Tibet, decided to be reborn in London, the capital of the Western barbarians, to see what they were up to.[2] Now Buddhism, as you know, is free from nonsensical Yankee ideas about equality, and believes in a hierarchy of people based on their spiritual endowments. So the task was to

[1]For many years I have derived emotional satisfaction from an anthropological theory first propounded by H. Klaatsch and then developed at length by F. G. Crookshank, whose *The Mongol in our Midst* (3rd edition 1931) is among my favourite reading. He there speaks of the sprinkling of Mongols that exists throughout Europe, — such as Clemenceau, Lenin and Lord Fisher, — and I count myself among them. May I quote p.19: 'The self-sufficiency, the unassumingness, the abstemiousness, the silences, and the deep hatred of others in his thoughts, are all thoroughly Mongolian'. How did you know, Dr. Crookshank?

[2]What has always puzzled me is why, once I got to London, I should have dashed into the womb of a German woman who hated me all her life, instead of some nice English lady who might have fussed over me like a Siamese cat. Though that would have probably blunted my effectiveness.

find out where we stood in this hierarchy. Accordingly, we sat in separate rooms in the library for about twenty minutes and thought about this. The result has been that we do not know, and that we have treated one another ever since with the care with which one treats a raw egg. I have always greatly loved and admired him. How far this was reciprocated, I do not know.

In addition to his many other accomplishments Tucci was also a believing, and to some extent even practising, Buddhist. He once told me that he would publish everything that I would submit to him on *Prajñāpāramitā*, because he wanted to use his power to establish something of lasting value. He has kept his word, and has published those works of mine which are commercially so unattractive that no-one else was willing to look at them. From gratitude I have willed the Buddhist part of my library to the ISMEO, and sincerely hope that no legal obstacles will come in between. Not that this has been my first choice. Fifty years ago one could have sold such a library through the Oriental book trade. In recent years the Oriental section in one shop after the other has fallen into the hands of non-experts, whether it be Blackwells or Heffers, and even Luzacs and Probsthain are distinctly not what they were when I first visited them in 1924. Now only Harrassowitz seems to have some notion of what they are doing, but they did not keep an appointment to view the Library. I enquired from colleagues at Oxford, Cambridge and London and they told me with one voice that no university in England would be interested in having my books. I mention this to illustrate what the collapse of Empire has done to Oriental studies in this country.

This is the third library which I have amassed in this life. The first had its beginnings in Germany in 1921. Because of the inflation the Deutsche Bank employed boys from the Gymnasium during the summer holidays, to write out the growing number of noughts in their ledgers. While working there one picked up all sorts of tips for buying and selling shares. They proved so profitable that I could buy many books with my speculative gains. Thereafter my father generously paid for more. Occasionally he remonstrated with me, took down one of the books, asked, 'Have you read this one through from end to end?' adding, 'Well then, why do you want all these new ones?' But this meant nothing. I still remember Prof. Marr's

envy when he saw my books in the Baumschulenallee in Bonn. Private libraries as we knew them in Germany were at that time apparently unknown in the Soviet Union and even men of Marr's eminence had to rely on public institutions. I felt this to be a great deprivation. In June 1933 I sent my library for safe keeping from Hamburg to my father's house in Duesseldorf. When unloaded one of the boxes burst open and revealed various items then forbidden, i.e. books by Marx, Lenin and Rosa Luxemburg. In sheer self defence, he disposed of the entire library. If he had not done so the RAF would in any case have disposed of it later on, as it did of his fine collection of netsuke and Japanese woodcuts.

The second Library grew rapidly after my move to London and by 1939 it had become something to be proud of. I still remember a surprise visit form a suspiciously literate police officer at my flat in Gondar Gardens in West Hampstead early in 1939. He wondered what I had been up to by going to Spain in 1936, admired my books and discussed the contents of a few of them. It was he who probably protected me from 18B. For I was just one of thousands of 'Anglo-Germans', Britons of German descent, who were vetted during that week. And since I learned at the same time from my then girl friend that ration books were being printed in London, I concluded there and then that War had been resolved upon. As usual I was right. This Library was dispersed when I moved to Godshill.

The third library grew slowly after 1950 and its Buddhist section is now quite impressive, though in monetary terms, I am glad to say, it is really quite modest. When a representative of the Reiyukai Library from Tokyo had seen it he offered me three million yen, to be paid straight away, whereas the books would have to be delivered only after my death. That is, of course, only the first step in Oriental bargaining. Only a madman would, in any case, in the present state of the capitalist world seek to obtain future financial security by exchanging real things *(Sachwerte)* for paper money of any kind. Nevertheless I still hope that, even at the cost of some financial sacrifices, the library will end up in Tucci's Institute.

c. Some Cambridge personalities

My relations with Cambridge had begun quite soon after my arrival in England. In 1933 the University was awash with communists, and experts on dialectical materialism were sought after. I saw

much of Maurice Dobb, and, after the publication of my book on dialectical materialism by the NCLC, J. P. M. Millar sent me on a special visit to J. D. Bernal to induce him to review the book for *Plebs*. During our discussion he deplored, like other communists before and after him, my neglect of science and a tendency towards mysticism and religious obscurantism. In the review itself he stated quite correctly that 'the materialist aspect is quite lost. One could be an idealist or even religious and apply the scientific method as defined here'[1]. Bernal had a typically Roman Catholic attitude to communism, and was an Irishman from Nenagh in County Tipperary who, on the evidence of a lecture he once gave to the WEA in London, lived surrounded by aunts with huge hats. At that time his features were jaunty and he had a dare-devil look about him. Later on they became positively hideous, and this ugliness increased with age, as I noticed years later in a meeting at the Royal Society. In the thirties he was an up-and-coming crystallographer who bemused the English public by very optimistic radio talks in which he promised us men's suits at ten shillings a piece. What, in fact, he produced was the Mulberry Harbour which made possible the invasion of Normandy on D-Day and, later on, a mendacious four-volume book about 'Science in History' (3rd ed., 1971). As for suits, their cost is now likely to be nearer to £50 than to 50 pence. As can be seen from this thumb-nail sketch, when we met in his room in Cambridge, it was hate at first sight![2] Later on he complained that I had upset him so much that he had suffered an attack of jaundice for four weeks. Nor was I altogether displeased at this presumed outcome of my visit.

My other contact in the 30's was Prof. Cornford who was one of the two Englishmen I had admired from afar in Germany for their

[1]*Plebs* 1936, p.92 My reply to this particular taunt was basically sound but less than brilliant. 'Mystics and religious people, on the other hand, cannot use the materialistic dialectic because they are not interested in *controlling* events, but in consoling themselves about their lack of control over events'.

[2]Generally speaking, I have found some relieving feature to soften my dislike for most of my *bêtes noirs*. I admire Wittgenstein, not only for giving away his money, but for giving it not to the poor, but to the rich, — on the ground that they are already corrupted. I also treasure Koestler's description of Wittgenstein as 'a man setting out to circumcize logic, and all but succeeding in castrating thought'. And if in his book on *Janus* (1977) he maintains that something went wrong with the physiological development of the human brain some time around the Pleistocene Age, then I regard this as his own clumsy way of assenting to my views on the Perennial Philosophy. But as to J. D. Bernal, I can think of nothing he has done or said which would endear him to me.

fine contributions to the study of Greek philosopy. The other had been Prof. Ross of Balliol whose two-volume commentary on the *Metaphysics* of Aristotle had been my bedside book for many years. When with the help of my friend Prof. E. F. Smith, I succeeded at last in meeting him in the flesh, I was disappointed by his pedestrian appearance and conversation. In retrospect, I think now that he was not at his best, because he thought that, as a penniless refugee, I had come to see him because I wanted something from him. As for Cornford, he had married into the Darwin clan, and was a prominent member of the Cambridge establishment. My meeting him diminished in no way my intellectual admiration, but, at the same time, he was so thoroughly English that I could make no emotional contact with him. In the kitchen of his huge house there lurked the sullen figure of a young man, his son John, a fervid Communist who was soon to die in Spain. He was just as awkward, frustrated and venomous as I had been in my parents' house, and I marvelled at the effects which the decline of capitalism had at that time on some members of the professional middle classes in all capitalist countries. He was incredibly rude to me, not only with the customary rudeness of public schoolboys for outsiders, but with the rudeness of the recently converted Communist for someone who not only had left the Party, but criticized it with arguments which ten or twenty years later would have appealed to him greatly. He did not wait so long, but ran away form his intolerable domestic situation, and committed suicide in Spain in the guise of killing Spaniards on behalf of a cause which he could not possibly comprehend. I did not admire him. As a Buddhist, I feel that people should commit suicide when they feel like it, but that they should not kill other people in the process,[1] at least without their

[1]This reminds me of an exchange I had on television in Vancouver. The idea was that the U.B.C. thought of employing me as a Professor of Buddhist Studies, and therefore tried to sound out public opinion by presenting me to the public of the Province of British Columbia. The man who interviewed me was a French Canadian and therefore, of course, a Roman Catholic. We had some preliminary chit-chat, and agreed that we would keep off the subject of the Buddhist monks who had just burned themselves in Vietnam, to protest against the invasion of their country by American troops. So when we started, I was most surprised that his first sentence was 'Dr. Conze, we have all heard of the Buddhist monk who burned himself in Vietnam; do you, as a Buddhist, approve of someone's taking his life in this way?' To which I sweetly replied, 'From a Buddhist point of view, we believe it is more meritorious to burn oneself than to burn other people.' This elegant allusion to the Holy Inquisition was sufficient, and the topic was dropped.

consent. It is better to burn oneself than to burn others. Though there are, of course, quite a number of precedents of members of the English upper classes nursed on the Cam rushing abroad to kill foreigners either from sheer *joie de vivre* or when hemmed in by intolerable domestic difficulties. There was Lord Byron, who went to kill Turks, but who, apart from infecting a sizable proportion of the population of Northern Italy with gonorrhea, could do little harm before a fever carried him off. Or there was young Rupert Brooke who was seized with the urge to liberate Constantinople from the Turks, but was stung by a mosquito, and fittingly interred in Skyros, the island of Achilles, 'The Sacker of Cities', whose troops comprised not only the myrmidons, but also a number of ephebes. High-minded heroism indeed! Poor foreigners!

After the War I had some dealings with the Cambridge Extramural Delegacy, but can no longer remember what they were about. Also I went quite a number of times to address meetings of the local Buddhist Society and, as a result, chummed up with Carmen Blacker, still a lecturer in Japanese at the University. Some of these meetings became quite stormy, because I spoke ill of Science, the Sacred Cow of Cambridge University. At that time, Cambridge scientists were very proud of having deliberately and scientifically infected the rabbits of first Australia and then England with Myxomatosis. I caused much indignation by describing this practice as both fiendish and ineffectual. I was right on *both* points. Now in 1977 the fields in this part of Dorset again swarm with rabbits, and only yesterday — woe betide us! — I saw one in my own front garden. Another storm concerned Albert Einstein, the third, beardless, member of the Trinity of great Rabbis who have presided over the Decline of the West. At that time the bookshops were full of a huge collection of his sayings about Peace[1], and I was told that their promotion of Peace was an argument in favour of the Scientists. To which my answer was that the only three out of the seven hundred pages of this book which had had any effect on history printed the letter in which Einstein had egged on President Roosevelt to develop the

[1]*Einstein on Peace* edited by Otto Nathan and Heinz Norden. Preface by Bertrand Russell, 1960.

atomic bomb,[1] thereby jeopardising the future of mankind out of concern for his own little tribe Now and then I also addressed philosophical meetings presided over by Prof. Braithwaite. It is amazing how much I suddenly remember of these long forgotten days.

But I must hurry on to Joseph Needham, the man whose friendship made my studies in Cambridge so much easier by providing hospitality at Caius College, finding suitable landladies and giving me the entrée to many aspects of University life. In 1960 he had even tried to get me a Fellowship which would have enabled me to live in Cambridge for a year or two. He was unsuccessful, and I must confess that with a sure instinct no English Alma Mater has ever taken this reptile to her bosom or allowed it to nestle between her often flabby dugs. The Fellowship went instead to Ernst Bammel, a distinguished New Testament scholar from Germany, now Director of Studies in Theology at St. Edmund's House. One evening Bammel invited me to share a bottle of Rhine wine with him in his rooms in the turret of the College. He turned out to be a pupil and admirer of my favourite uncle Karl Klingemann. So that made it more tolerable. I saw Needham probably for the last time in April 1969 when Muriel and I had the rare honour to stay for a week in the sumptuous fourteenth century Gonville Room of the College. Together with my father and D. T. Suzuki, he is one of the three persons whom I have admired without reservation.

He had been an embryologist, and one of the youngest scientists to be made an F.R.S. In middle life he changed his interest and wrote his masterpieces on 'Science and Civilisation in China'.

[1]Pages 294-6. August 2nd, 1939. 'A single bomb of this type carried by boat or exploded in a port might very well destroy the whole port together with some of the surrounding territory'. Roosevelt acted on the Sage's advice on October 19th, 1939, eight days after he had received the letter. — Here is a discussion from one of my Psychology Classes in Bournemouth in 1942. Dr. Conze: 'Cripples are resentful people, full of malice, who try to revenge themselves on the world. This can be seen with hunchbacks and such like, and that is why no one with a serious physical defect is allowed to become a Buddhist monk.' Sweet Wren: 'Would you call someone with polio a cripple?' Dr. C. failing to see the trap: 'Of course. It is not very pleasant if you cannot walk properly and have your narcissism trampled on all the time'. Wren: 'In that case you would not agree with the praise we hear of President Roosevelt since we would expect something particularly nasty to come from him' (American troops had just then begun to enter the district to rescue us from the Nazis and were probably already improving the lives of our naval auxiliaries). Dr. C.: 'I am sorry to tell you that in psychology we can make no exceptions on political grounds, and that in due course he will treat us to some swinishness which will eclipse anything done before'. Great indignation among little Wrens. And yet . . .

Cambridge University still expected him to give lectures on embryology until the Mastership of Caius permitted him to resign the Readership. I look upon Needham as a greatly improved version of myself, and, when I was with him, I used to feel that everything he did, he did better than anyone else. When he took me one evening from his rooms in Caius to his house I admired his car for its enormous bonnet, which seemed to denote immense power. Until a few weeks ago I also believed that he had the only other honour which, apart from a Fellowship of the Royal Society, I would accept myself. It then disappointed me to hear that what I had remembered as the red button of the French Légion d'Honneur was in fact the purple rosette of the Chinese Order of the Brilliant Star, which holds little magic for me.

Now and then he asked me to share his frugal lunch in his rooms in Caius. One day we were joined by a Swiss expert on cheese. For nearly two hours these two were talking about cheeses. I would never have dreamt that anyone could have eaten so many different cheeses in so many different parts of the world while being aware of their chemical composition, or the technical details and economic circumstances of their manufacture. I, who never pay attention to my food and have my head in the clouds all the time, was really envious of his wide-open attention to the details of the world around him. At one time, he performed his role as the head of his College, including the Latin prayer which precedes Dinner in Hall. At other times he rejoiced with the crowds in the Square of Heavenly Peace in Peking at the successes of the Chinese Peoples' Republic.

Needham had known of my work on dialectical materialism but, unlike J. D. Bernal, the lapsed Catholic, he saw nothing offensive in my then rather latent spiritual aspirations. Nor did he share Bernal's attitude to Science, which had at once become a new Truth to be defended with great intolerance against unbelievers and heretics alike. In fact Needham's estimate of the cognitive value of science is refreshingly mature for a practising Scientist[1]. It is true that he

[1]'The scientific view of the world, and the method of abstraction by which it is arrived at, is an autonomous and authentic manner of dealing with what is real in the world in which we live; it is not an instrument of merely practical utility, nor on the other hand a philosophy, much less the only true philosopy. It is not an art, it is not a religion, it is not history, it is not a philosophy; it is something different from all these, a special department and activity of the human spirit.' Needham in W. H. Auden, *The Faber Book of Aphorisms,* 1964 p.261.

disapproved of Buddhism in China, because of its hostility to Natural Science, but he approved of Taoism, another spiritual tradition. Once Muriel and I were sitting in the restaurant of the Cambridge Arts Theatre when he came in and gave us some of the *Antidoron*[1] which he had received at a service in the Greek Orthodox church and which he thought would do us good. He was always ready to learn. For instance, he had based his account of Buddhism on p.403 of his First Volume (1955), on the books of his fellow Cambridge scholar, E. J. Thomas. When I convinced him that that was now out of date, he allowed me to amend it, and forced the Cambridge University Press to reset this section at the last moment, — not at all an easy thing to do. He also was one of the few scientists who are willing to take cognizance of astrology. This came about as follows: both Muriel and I had had lunch with him, — the main item of which was a tin of tomato soup (heated in the tin, over a primus stove). After that he showed us his extensive card-index for the remaining volumes of his great work. To demonstrate its efficiency he chose one entry, and then promised to produce the parallel entries. To his dismay the system broke down on this particular item. So I said to Muriel, 'Obviously no Virgo', thereby, alas, attuning her mind to the subject of astrology. After that we had coffee, and Joseph told us that he no longer took sugar because, while had been thin in his youth, he had now put on weight. Thereupon Muriel, who never knows when not to speak, said: 'Then you must be a Sagittarius.' My blood froze, because this is the one subject which is totally taboo among natural scientists. Nevertheless, Joseph remained his usual jovial self, and Muriel gave her reasoning behind this remark; he then turned to me, and asked me what I thought of this. So I adduced the parallel of my father and explained what the two of them had in common by being Sagittarians. He looked puzzled, but a year later he showed me the typescript of his forthcoming volume in which astrology, originally described as a pseudo-science, was now presented as a proto-science, a great improvement indeed. This may, or may not, have been

[1]Cut-up pieces from the same loaf as the bread taken for the consecration itself are always distributed as a kind of *agape* or communal meal after the conclusion of the liturgy.

incorporated into the third volume of *Science and Civilisation in China* (1959), though I fear very much that his real opinion of my activities is expressed there in a footnote on p.172, when he says that astrology 'of course persists even today as a popular superstition in western "scientific civilisation", I do not know whether you have heard of the widespread and long-standing debate which C. P. Snow, now a Lord, has started here about "The Two Cultures". It is fairly easy to be, like C. P. Snow, equally mediocre at both scientific research and novel writing, but to be first class in both science and the humanities is almost unique, and I can think of no one except Joseph Needham who has convincingly achieved this. Incidentally, Needham was excluded until last year from the U.S.A., and also in the Chicago-based *Encyclopedia Britannica* you will look for him in vain.

d. E. F. Schumacher

One of the more notable students in my Sanderstead class on Comparative Religion was Dr. Fritz Schumacher who at that time was economic adviser to the National Coal Board, and later on won well-deserved fame and notoriety with his slogan 'Small is Beautiful'. His 1973 book with this title continues the tradition of Chesterton and Tawney and has had a huge world-wide sale, in no fewer than fifteen languages. As a man of unusually keen practical intelligence, he was a great asset to the class and we learned much from one another.

These classes changed the direction of his life and my presentation copy of 'Small is Beautiful' is fittingly inscribed 'To my teacher, Edward Conze, in gratitude'. They opened his eyes to one dimension of human existence which modern social scientists normally ignore, and that is man's spiritual life. The German Protestantism in which we both grew up had reduced this to mere ethics, and it was my stay with the Jesuits in Valkenburg which reminded me that there is more to religion than that. Schumacher learned it from me, and at once searched round for the spiritual tradition that would suit him best. For many years he was greatly drawn to Subud and Mr. Bennett. Much was also heard of the Greek Orthodox Church and I was sometimes reproved for my 'unreasonable anti-Christian bias'. Also Saint Thomas Aquinas appeared on the horizon and I will not

easily forget one evening at his house when he had just discovered the *Secunda Secundae* on the spiritual *habitus*. It was the Roman Catholic strain which won in the end. His posthumous 'A Guide for the Perplexed'[1] is mainly based on the Thomistic form of the Perennial Philosophy. It is a well formulated defence of the Wisdom Tradition of mankind against the claims of a Scientism gone mad. He surely demonstrates his conviction that this wisdom has a right to exist, but shows little sign that he has seen the vistas which it opens up.

Our attitudes to the Cold War remained totally divergent. I believe that the overruling consideration is to prevent the sum total of ill will between Nations from being further increased. One must therefore always speak for the calumniated, — the 'East' in the 'West', the 'West' in the 'East'. Moreover nothing does more to poison the relations between nations than the habit of passing moral judgments on foreigners unceasingly day in day out. In the case of the English, this habit has become increasingly ridiculous. A nation which, by its own admission, is no longer capable of keeping its public lavatories clean or even its hospital kitchens, and is unable to build enough prisons for what is now the largest prison population in Europe, is unlikely to possess sufficient strength to raise both the Teuton and the Slav to the high level of moral excellence which the Anglosaxon has without effort occupied for so many centuries. Schumacher on the other hand had no feeling for the awesome magnificence of the Soviet Union or the justice of the Communist cause. One day I praised to him Denis de Rougemont's work on the Cathari and on Romantic Love. 'Would you like to know him Edward? He is a good friend of mine.' 'Of course I would'. 'He is President of the League for Cultural Freedom whom you should join anyway.' 'What do you mean? One of those beastly CIA gangs! What do you take me for?' It is sometimes disconcerting to find what company one's best friends seem to keep. It was surely a wonderful coup when Schumacher succeeded in having President Carter photographed holding a copy of his book prominently displayed in his right hand. As an author I am deeply envious, but I would be more inclined to view this as a *spiritual* achievement if

[1]Relying on her feminine intuition Muriel says that the title should have been 'The Mind of one Perplexed'.

one day we could find in the Catacombs a picture of the Emperor Nero clutching a roll of the Revelation of St. John to his chest.

Schumacher was one of those people who automatically gravitate into positions of power and influence. At that time in 1955, he headed a U.N. delegation to Burma which tried to preserve that country from bankruptcy. His lively accounts of U Nu's reactions to the American 'projects' gave me a better insight into Buddhist social thinking than anything else could have done. The main concern of the Americans was to invest surplus dollars in expensive technical schemes. They built telephone lines all over the place, but as no provision was made for replacing fallen telephone poles these soon ceased to operate. Once, when no outlet for their money could be found, they noted that Rangoon had no lunatic asylum. U Nu pointed out that this was because none was needed since Buddhism as distinct from the American way of life, was conducive to mental health. Also those few who were mentally ill were cared for much better by their families, than in these monstrous institutions where it was not always easy to tell the doctors from the patients. Things reached a climax at the last meeting. Schumacher told U Nu that some time ago he had arranged to join a meditation class at the time scheduled. On the ground that meditation is much more important than economics U Nu cancelled the meeting and fixed a new date. When the new date came the American experts were all set to establish a huge oil industry. U Nu listened to their eloquence and then asked, 'Is it true, gentlemen, that this oil has been in the soil of Burma for three hundred million years?' One expert replied, 'Yes, for exactly 300,465,788 years.' 'Then I do not see why it should not stay in our soil for a few more years. Thank you for having troubled to see us', and the meeting was over. One minor result has been that no American is allowed to stay in Rangoon for more than 24 hours. Another result of this Burma visit was Schumacher's celebrated essay on 'Buddhist Economics' (1966), reprinted in 'Small is Beautiful' pp.48-56.

A few weeks after I had completed the first version of this account of my relations with Schumacher, he died suddenly on September 4th, 1977 in a train high up in the Alps, near Geneva, — of a heart attack as a good Leo should. He was always lucky in whatever he undertook. This event brought home to me how little we can be sure of life and death. About 1970 we had lunch in a fine Swiss-

Italian restaurant between Victoria Station and the offices of the Coal Board, when he explained to me that he would want to retire early and he would then really come into his own in his late sixties like Churchill, and many others he mentioned. 'The worst time in these Government offices is between when you are sixty and sixty five, and many die quite soon after'. So he retired at sixty and started a frantic campaign to humanize Capitalism. And when *did* he die? Exactly nineteen *days* after the end of his sixty fifth year. Who says that man proposes and God disposes. As my friend Fred Brook, who knew both of us, commented, 'His sad Fate is a warning to elderly intellectuals not to overdo things, but remember their age. Like Bronowski, Schumacher was a victim of a sudden widespread interest in his ideas, a temptation hard to resist.'

Schumacher's Leonine soul would have been pleased with the plaudits of the Establishment in his obituary notices and the resonance of his Requiem Mass at Westminster Cathedral. A few weeks later I had a visit from a Berkeley student whose face lit up when he heard that I actually knew Schumacher. As *The Observer* put it, 'No man, it would seem, could ask for his life to be crowned with more success', and Barbara Ward, in *The Times* mourned, 'an incalculable loss to the whole International Community' and praised him for having changed 'drastically and creatively, the direction of human thought'. As distinct from me, he enjoyed being a cult figure. Whenever this happens to me I immediately examine the inside of the nearest girl's blouse.[1]

[1]This method of debunking oneself can be recommended as being almost foolproof. Once at the University of Los Angeles I was cornered by a woman of a certain age who had for ten years molested me with her devoted admiration from afar. As she stifled me with her accounts of people who had left their bodies for a while, — quite an asset in the smog of Los Angeles — my eyes desperately looked around for a way out. Opposite me on the same table I espied a maiden whose cleavage, as she moved her top, varied from one inch to five. The interplay between her eagerness to display her attributes and my attempts to determine their exact configuration soon did its work. An hour later the devotee confided to Muriel, 'for more than ten years I have worshipped and adored your husband as the greatest Buddhist scholar of our time. Now I see that he is the exact opposite of what he pretends to be. To-morrow I will sell all my copies of his books and I will also not attend his classes in Santa Barbara to which I had looked forward so much'. When I heard this I sighed to myself in Greek, — *Thalassa thalassa!* She might have taken me for a Tantric master! My method is not incompatible with Indian tradition. A disciple of the Mahatma was addicted to ogling the girls even in the presence of his wife. He asked for spiritual advice on the subject and was told to wear dark sun-glasses.

In his character he was as vain as I am proud[1] and as generous as I am tight-fisted. He was a nice man and made everyone feel happy and wanted. He did not allow this kind-hearted temperament to be overruled by considerations of prudence. This was brought home to me once when he visited me in Sherborne. He was all full of some application of his 'Intermediate Technology' which would ensure that the inhabitants of Zambia, or was it Botswana, would all have plenty of eggs. Large-scale industry apparently could not supply stable egg trays in small units, but now a friend of his had invented an egg tray which would enable these people to take their eggs to market. All I felt at the time was that millions of gaily cackling chickens would get their necks wrung by a lot of unpleasing blacks, and that the prospect of them gorgeing themselves on all these eggs made me feel pretty sick. How stony-hearted of one committed to compassion! In America I once saw a film about Calcutta done by the BBC. As a result I was heard to say that I would never give even one cent for the relief of starving Bengalis, because as soon as one Bengali has had a meal, he at once falls over another Bengali to make a third Bengali whom he hands over to Oxfam to be fed. This is no more stony-hearted than the Capitalist countries are compassionate, when they first further impoverish the poor by manipulating world prices and then hand back 10% of the loot by way of conscience money in return for the copper, chrome and uranium they need for their constant wars. There is compassion as a sentiment and compassion as a virtue, and those who have not meditated on this issue easily confuse the two. Just now Lady Barbara Wootton has in her eightieth year published her umpteenth book on the treatment of criminals. This result of 'fifty years of experience' has been hailed as ever so 'compassionate'. What I wonder at times is whether these so-called 'Social Scientists' will ever be asked to come up with concrete and tangible results for their cogitations. The fact is that in 1900 there were in England and Wales 77,934 recorded crimes, whereas in 1976 there

[1]The approval of others is clearly less important to me than it is to him. After reading the first two sections of these Memoirs, Schumacher commented, 'I do not think you do yourself justice in this autobiographical sketch. You dwell on your vices and weaknesses, and hide your many virtues'. As he might have seen from Mahatma Gandhi's 'The Story of my Experiments with Truth' (1927-29) it is not the purpose of a spiritual autobiography to draw attention to the author's virtues. He must wait for others to discover them for themselves.

were 2,135,713 and 2,640,000 in 1977 (an increase of more than 500,000 in one year!) This after our shallow godless 'scientific' 'humanists' have had their way in nearly everything for at least two generations.

In many ways Schumacher and I were of one mind, and it is a feature of the spiritual life that each one can live it in his own way. In that one field opposing views never exclude, but only complement each other. Any opposition there is comes from foolish humans who push their own little selves forward. We both acted in accordance with our own capabilities. I retire into solitude and try to generate some spiritual force, of which I feel there is not very much about. He on the other hand hobnobs with the mighty of the earth and tries to convert them to his plans. Small fish like me must now and then remind magnificos like him that 'he who sups with the devil needs a long spoon'. A situation like this looks as if it calls for ideological definitions and confrontations. My Memoirs clearly show that I am elitist, anarchist person who rejects the world and all that is in it, including most of its human inhabitants and feels a kinship with small groups of the perfect, in the style of the Pythagoreans, Cathari, Dukhobors, etc. He, following the Church rather than the Gnostics is a friend of the ordinary man and acts within society. Here we have a clearly convincing case when it becomes obvious how futile it is to argue about things like that when one looks at the actual personalities concerned as shown in their horoscopes. I am a man without any Earth at all whereas he has it in six places[1]. Life would be so much more pleasent if instead of all this contentiousness one agrees that in one case the spirit worked through the one base and in the other through the other, and that one is actually as good and bad as the other. There is no conflict at all. You can never do anything which does not do itself. Where I work for a spiritual life, so he for a society which makes one possible. My eremetic ways have been forced on me by temperament, social accidents and the general godlessness all around me. I probably would have achieved more I had not been so isolated and on my defensive all the time.

[1]16.8.1911. About 4 a.m. Asc. ca. 20 Cancer. As for the Earths: Moon 5 Taurus; Mars and Saturn conjunct in 19 Taurus; Mercury 19 Virgo; Venus 28 Virgo; Uranus 26 Capricorn.

Although he may well have squandered his pearls before the swine such as Nehru, Mrs. Gandhi, Mr. Carter and so on, at least he tried to do something for mankind. Michael Holroyd said of George Bernard Shaw, 'In a way he did not like people, he wanted to improve them'. 'I on the other hand do not feel that there is much chance of doing so. To turn one's back on mankind is nowadays quite compatible with a concern for all living beings. Where are the storks and frogs of my youth?

e. Providence and my friend Dr. Diederichs

In Part I we have seen that much is happening all the time, though I myself never really do anything. I sit about in apparent passivity, and things happen to me, caused apparently fortuitously by unconnected agents form the outside and yet the result is as if I had planned and designed it all myself. In fact my life has from early years onwards been governed by an inflexible faith in Providence. Whenever I have to take a decision I spend a vast amount of care on determining 'the Will of God'. This is done partly by magical means, such as a study of astrological transits or the flight of birds, and so on, and partly by complicated spiritual exercises by which I try to abolish my own private preferences and desires. The ordinary ignorant worldling imagines that if a man ceases to have thoughts he will just fall asleep. Those trained in *yoga* will know that he sets free a realm of quiet calm which was within him all the time. Likewise the ordinary ignorant worldling imagines that if he surrenders himself passively to the outside forces which surround him, he will perish and get lost. In fact he will find himself, and achieve everything he sought to achieve. For he does not interfere with his Guardian Angel. It is, of course, in our chaotic times easier to act upon such principles than to formulate them. Owing to the decrepitude of all traditions we are without a language in which to speak of Holy things, or even of important things. I like to speak of 'Providence' because of the Stoic and Christian influences on my life. In other moods I prefer to speak of 'Fate', following the example of my otherwise unphilosophical maternal grandfather with whom I spent many happy days at his beautiful house named 'Quellenthal' in Langenberg, and who used to say ever so often, 'Et kuett wie et

kuett', which is German dialect for 'It comes as it comes'. The 'Will of God' goes back to my Calvinist ancestors,[1] 'Destiny' to my study of the early Greeks, and of course 'karma' can also be brought in at this point.

This new confusion of tongues was once brought home to me forcibly in Grinnell, Iowa. At that time, John A. T. Robinson's 1963 book, 'Honest to God' had taken the faculties of philosophy and religion in America by storm and everybody was talking about it. The whole afternoon I had to listen to arguments like this one: We cannot say that God is 'up there', because this remark gave sense only when people thought the earth to be flat. Now that we are ever so sophisticated and know that the earth is round, we also know that for Australians 'up there' is what is 'down there' for us.[2] All I could say in reply to this argument was that it is so incredibly silly as to be unanswerable. Later in the evening I had intended to fly back to Madison in one of those creaky old Viscounts which were then used for local transport in that part of the world. Before I left Grinnell Muriel rang up, and told me not to fly because there were heavy storms on the way back particulary over the Lakes. The argument went to and fro, and in the end I settled it with the remark, 'Of course I will fly today. Our lives are in the hands of God'. When I had said this I reflected that I had not only asserted the existence of a God in whom I did not really believe, but also attributed hands to this very God. In other words my statement was about as 'anthropomorphic', 'metaphorical', and 'poetic' as it could possibly be.

On the bumpy ride back, and often since, I have tried to reformulate what I then said so as to make it theoretically unassailable. All I got was a lot of unconvincing and dubious abstractions. The truth is that each living tradition has its own self-validating way of speaking which is perfectly clear to those in it. To concoct some universal pap which could be swallowed by everyone and everybody is not

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (4)

[2]I would have thought that Australians with their well-known addiction to beer and social equality would have little use for any kind of God, whether 'Up there' or 'Down there'.

worth doing[1]. Accordingly it was a wise decision when the baby-faced and pouty-mouthed Bishop of Woolwich gave up playing the *enfant terrible* among real people, and went back to Cambridge, from where he still sets the tea-cups a-tinkling in a few vicarages, but no longer elsewhere.

So now, looking back over my life, I am quite convinced that I have been guided by a benevolent force whenever I allowed myself to be so guided. To some extent this was made possible because I always tried to ferret out what I was meant to do, and to discard what I merely wanted to do. This requires some spiritual discernment, but it can surely be done. All the so-called 'chance' events have actually contributed to the fulfilment of my life plan, and I have naturally sometimes asked myself whether any 'chance' event could have deflected me from it.

To take just one example, in 1933 when I was in London, I was pretty unhappy and disconcerted since there seemed to be no opening for me anywhere. Now and then I walked along Charing Cross Road thinking how I could kill myself without getting too much hurt in the process. Then my old friend, Nicholas Diederichs offered me a job at the University of Bloemfontein. I was tempted to take it — the only other offer being from some small University in one of the Southern States of the USA. If I had done so, what would have happened to my Buddhist Studies? Apartheid is one of the legitimate

[1]In 1977 seven English theologians, 'pursuing their insights to their logical conclusion', set out to shock the general public with 'The Myth of God Incarnate'. To quote the report in *The Times:* 'These theologians are now saying that the time has come to break through the shell of incomprehensibility in the hope that this will give more meaning to the story of Jesus by stripping away the myth to reveal the essential ideas behind it'. — Professor Wiles ('the most distinguished of the seven') expresses the truth behind the myth of the incarnation by affirming two things: 'That his own life in his relation to God embodied that openness to God, that unity of human and divine to which the doctrine points; and secondly that his life depicted not only a profound human response to God, but that in his attitudes towards other men his life was a parable for the loving outreach of God to the world'. — 'That, for him, is what the myth of the incarnation means, and in that sense he believes the myth to be true'. — I can only say, 'My hat, Sir!' St. John the Evangelist has, I hear, now rewritten his Gospel after a course in OU-Speak at the Open University. 'At the initial moment in time was a verbalization situation, and the verbalization situation was in the environmental totality, and the verbalization situation was the environmental totality. The same was in an ongoing linguistic doghouse situation'. This is for, 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God,and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God'.

off-shoots of Calvinism[1]. So I could easily have joined the *Broederbond* and used my considerable talent for sophistry to help in building the philosophical foundations of Afrikanerdom. Whereas now I am a totally insignificant intellectual, then I would for years have felt that I was making history. Only that at present, in these latter days, I would find that everything I had built up was being swept away by the irresistible and all-consuming tide of Marxism-Leninism, a fitting punishment for so much *hybris* in the past.

When I was on the point of accepting, C. E. M. Joad tried to dissuade me from taking up the Bloemfontein offer, arguing that South Africa is a grimly uncultured place, that a newly acquired Jewish wife would be no asset to me there, and so on. He assured me that I was terribly clever indeed, and would have a great future in this country. All that I needed was to be given the opportunity to show what I could do, and in that he could help. Next term he was due to go to the States, and he would give me his position during that term. He was so persuasive that I declined Diederich's offer. After Joad had gone to the States it became apparent that (1) he had promised this position to nearly everyone he knew and that (2) it was not his to dispose of. His substitute was appointed by a Committee which naturally was disinclined to land itself with a young German of Communist sympathies who spoke English awkwardly and with a dreadful accent.

In this way Joad preserved me for Buddhist Studies. But even if he had not, I could never have stood the pace in South Africa. It is one thing to find a philosophical justification for apartheid. It is another to watch daily the cruelties, humiliations, brutalities, and injustices which it inflicts on the majority of the people you see around you. I could not have borne it. In fact there is a proof of this. When trying to outwit the State Department I acquired at one point the status of a 'Canadian Landed Immigrant'. This enabled me to cross the U.S. Frontier without a visa and greatly annoyed the Immigration people. It also allowed me to buy gold. Since we all try to preserve our savings from being stolen by what we may politely describe as 'International Financiers', I asked the Bank of

[1]As shown convincingly in W. A. de Klerk, *The Puritans in Africa,* 1976.

Montreal to get me a number of lovely gold bars. They were none-too-keen, made many excuses, and offered me instead gold certificates of the Government of Canada. These, however, are paper documents and thus can be revoked at any time. I might possibly have induced the Bank to get me the bars if I had persevered, but I am always careful not to expend too much energy on financial transactions. I then was advised to buy South African Gold Shares. When I was just about to invest many thousands of dollars in them, I read an item in the newspaper according to which 10,000 blacks had been killed in the South African Gold Mines in the last thirty (or fifty?) years. This convinced me that any money gained from this investment would be blood-money and that the blessing of heaven would not rest upon it. How much more would I have reacted if I had seen the treatment of the blacks with my own eyes! It is therefore unlikely that even the acceptance of Diederichs' offer would have deflected me from my chosen Buddhist path.

f. Heinrich Scholz and a syphilitic girl.

As I tell these artless stories, and as they go on and on, I have two small doubts. The one is that, as I now have many stories about Russia and the USA, so I had many others, equally entertaining and instructive, about Spain in the Thirties. Yet these latter are either forgotten, or would interest no-one, because the situation has so much changed. How long therefore will it be before the stories of the Sixties lose their lustre? And secondly, on what principle do I choose from an unlimited fund of experiences those which seem to me worth telling as part of my autobiography? For instance, a few days ago, I was reminded of my Kiel teacher Heinrich Scholz by a review in the TLS. It is there (1.7.77: 808) said of him that:

> 'Heinrich Scholz of Muenster collected many letters to and from Frege: he then sat on them like a broody hen, and managed to smash a lot of the eggs. He neglected to see that all the letters should be copied, and the copies stored separately from the originals; in consequence, one bombing raid destroyed entire collections beyond recall'.

He had always been a bit of a fuddy-duddy, incredibly naive, provincial, and in the good old Lutheran tradition had been an easy

dupe of anyone in authority who cared to dupe him, first the Hohenzollerns, and then his *Fuehrer* who had assured him that our bombers would not get through. He has had a much greater influence on me than Joad ever did, and nevertheless he has so far got no thumbnail sketch. Among other things he has given me an unsurmountable antipathy for modern logic, or mathematical logic, or logic of any kind. I moved to him in Kiel because I had liked his book on the Philosophy of Religion. When I got to Kiel he had recently lost his wife. As a result his faith in God had gone. He looked for something which was absolutely certain, and found it in the antisemitic Frege, the Frenchman Couturat and the womanizing Berty Russell. Each Wednesday a few of us met in his house under a huge shining lamp, and read Aristotle. This I enjoyed greatly and I excelled in this so much that even he had to admit it. At that time, I discovered for the first time that I am incapable of thinking on my own. I need someone else of huge stature to lean on, and then find my own thoughts by interpreting his. When I read much of the philosophical literature contemporary with Spinoza, I was heartened to find that at that time originality was frowned upon, and that everyone tried to prove that he was not guilty of innovation, whereas at the German Universities of my time, everyone tried to be a *Narr auf eigene Faust,* to use Goethe's apt phrase. The great man for me was first Aristotle, then Marx, and then the Buddha. In consequence my position in the world of learning has always been an awkward one. Among the philosophers I am esteemed as a philologist, and among the philologists as a philosopher. Scholz was an extremely obsessional type and his assistant hated him so much that it frightened me. He once told me that he would like to hang Scholz on a lamp post and cut him down bit by bit. Scholz insisted that I should write my dissertation on Suarez in the style of Russell's 'Principia Mathematica'. When I could not do this, I transferred the dissertation to Prof. Schneider in Cologne. Schneider, by contrast, was a harmless, friendly man who held his position only because the quota of Roman Catholics had to be filled at the University. As he told it, the highlight of his life was when, as a student, he fell into a vat of *Sauerkraut*.

Later on Scholz nearly brought about my premature demise. By 1933 he had become a Professor in Muenster, and when things

became too hot for me in Hamburg, I first went to my parents in Duesseldorf (who were themselves suspect), and then to Muenster[1]. On the principle that when in danger you are safest in the most dangerous spots where no-one would expect you to be, I spent the night in the waiting room of the station. All night Gestapo men and women came in looking for people, and picking up one or the other. Their faces boded ill, and especially the women seemed capable of great bestiality. That night I saw the bloated, over-blown Angels of Ravensbrueck, Auschwitz and Belsen in the first bloom of their youth.

Then I went to Scholz, trying to find out whether he would help me. He would not: 'I do not quite understand, Herr Conze, why you should have come just to me. You ought to have thought about the consequences of your actions long ago, etc. etc. And as I think about it I am not quite sure whether it is not my duty as a citizen to tell the authorities of your presence here in Muenster.' He must have become surer on this after I had left because soon after my return to the hotel, the Gestapo came to look for me. Though I escaped through luck and by the daring device I have mentioned before (I, p.40), nevertheless I must be forgiven for still feeling some rancour against symbolic logic, even now.[2] This later on in Wisconsin strained my relations with Richard Robinson, who believed that it is indispensable for elucidating the arguments of men like Nagarjuna. Like ignorance of mathematics, it may also have cut me off from something important in modern thought. There were two reasons why I was always backward with mathematics at school. The first was that I could not get over being told that the straight line is the shortest distance between two points. In consequence I often took out my pocket knife and made two points on the desk, trying to find a line which was shorter than a straight line. The other was connected with the fact that, like so many

[1]One must remember that in the early days of the Third Reich the police organisations in Hamburg, a Free Hanse City, and in Prussia were still separate entities. One could take advantage of that especially if one had two names. When the police systems of the different Laender were merged the situation became untenable and one had to go.

[2]On reading this Prof. Dummett of All Souls protested that this is no cogent argument against symbolic logic. Logicians are a bit inclined to belabour the obvious!

parents, my mother liked to boast of the accomplishments of her little Eberhard, and the side-effects of her vanity did much to mould my character. At school she put me into a class one year older than would be appropriate to my age. In consequence most of the boys were physically stronger than I was, and the little grey cells had to come to the rescue. The struggle for survival forced me to develop the weapon of cleverness. My father was very short-sighted, and I also was born short-sighted. In her inordinate vanity my mother would, however, not allow me to wear glasses. As one of the best boys in the class I always sat at the greatest possible distance from the blackboard. This did not matter with such subjects as Latin which came easy to me, since I could memorise what the teacher had written on the blackboard. But this was not so with algebra. One day the teacher asked me a question and I gave an answer which bore no relation whatsoever to what was on the blackboard. He was puzzled and asked me whether I could not read what he had written. When I stammered some reply, he called me to the front. Two metres away from the blackboard I gave him the answer immediately because I could see. My mother to her great indignation was then forced to buy me glasses, but I had lost about four or five years of mathematics teaching which I have never made up.

Furthermore, by the laws of psychology, incidents which are particularly humiliating or 'out of character' are apt to be forgotten. I recently remembered one such after wondering why I should have said of Joad that 'his obsession with women bordered on insanity'. (now in PART III) We become indignant about those things in others which form a part of our shadow self. So why should I reproach Joad in such a way since I had always treated women in a detached and debonair way. Or had I? And then I remembered the almost incredible incident. When at fifteen I had been left alone with Anna, the maid, we had several weeks of joyful and intensive love-making, which taught me the ins and outs of this side of life. Through this association I had for a time more contact with maids than boys of my kind usually had. I remember gossiping with some of them at the gate of one of the villas, taking a fancy to a very pale-looking girl, and trying to persuade her to 'let me do it'. She explained that her pallor was due to her being treated for syphilis

(the French Army of Occupation saw to it that there was plenty of that about,) and that I would get it if we were to, and so on. Strange to say, I persisted and even tried to persuade my Anna to persuade her. I certainly would not believe this story if, once recalled, I did not remember every detail of it. It certainly throws a new light on this Knight in Shining Armour and one wonders how much of this kind has been submerged and pushed out of sight. In retrospect this example of crass stupidity and staggering insensitiveness looks like an isolated lump of incomprehensible darkness, whereas in fact it must have been connected to the rest of me by many nerves, arteries and tentacles.

The whole episode may have been connected with my ardent desire for greatness and my love of fame. In my youth I was an avid reader of Lombroso's 'Genius and Insanity'. Some of the more telling tales in that book I must have savoured dozens of times. Gerolamo Cardano, in particular, seemed to provide a model of agreeably eccentric behaviour. Now that this life of mine is practically over I know that I have no genius but only considerable talent. This was not always clear to me and in my earlier days I may have been influenced by the assertion, widespread in Germany at the time, that a large proportion of the great men of modern Europe had had syphilis. If stimulation by the *spirochaeta pallida* produced such wonderful results, why not have some of it?

While in America I discovered Alexis de Tocqueville. If his principles are applied to the history of mass democracies one finds at least three kinds of leaders:

(1) Hopeless non-entities who can be regarded as convincing replicas of the average man and who cause no envy in what is known as the 'ordinary decent voter', such as Kleon the Tanner, and lately Harold Wilson or Edward Heath, not to mention the Grocer's Daughter and the Grinning Peanut.

(2) The greatly beloved killers, such as Lincoln (619,000 corpses), Winston Churchill (millions), or Robespierre (a few thousand), the two Roosevelts (thousands and millions respectively), Hitler and Stalin (millions), and such like.

(3) Certifiable lunatics in the last stages of GPI, such as Woodrow Wilson, W. I. Lenin and Lord Northcliffe in 1917. Is it not wonderful to think that when the Age of the Masses began in

earnest in 1917, both its broad alternatives were ushered in by two syphilitic madmen, — President Wilson and Commissar Lenin, — with a third, Lord Northcliffe, making democratic noises on the sidelines? These were the three Holy Kings of Mass Democracy, and all three were soon after to disappear into the *delirium tremens* of the General Paralysis of the Insane. Their nightmares have been with us over the last sixty years. As the *Belle Epoche* could boast of its *grandes horizontales,* so the sequel is dominated by its *grands syphilitiques!*

g. On People in General[1]

1. When I look back on what I have said about other people it is obvious that I am generally hostile to them and that most of them come off rather badly. This cannot in my view be altered, but requires an explanation. Everyone who saw the text has, without exception, complained that it was far too nasty to far too many people. Especially my treatment of Christmas Humphreys was strongly condemned because 'he means so well'. One of my best friends spoke of 'A Hate Saga', and Muriel thought that I was 'too bitter'. 'Not everybody has been hostile to you. Some people have helped you, and some even like you.' It is true that what emerges from my account is not a very lovable character or a particularly likeable person. This only shows how closely I have stuck to the facts. After all, for years Muriel has described me as 'the old man who hates everybody', Guy Wint used to call me 'the most irascible scholar in Europe', and Prof. Hellmut Wilhelm once stormed without knocking into my Seattle office during a lunch break and addressed me in Muriel's presence as 'the most bloody bastard he had ever met in the whole of his life'. This is surely better than being called 'a beautiful human being'! People seem to have become pretty squeamish lately. Even my most Voltairean and Tacitean passages would have raised few eyebrows in the past. It has not escaped my

[1]This section has caused me a great deal of trouble and has become unduly complicated. In consequence I have divided it into ten numbered sub-sections. They are: (1) The Topic (2) Hate and psychological types, (3) Hate as *Krodha,* (4) Difficulties about inferring Hate, (4a) with Hellmut Wilhelm as an example. (5) Changes in outlook through Buddhist meditations. (6) Spirituality leads to spite, (6a) though it may be a cloak for Egoism. (7) Cultural factors, (8) Ethnic origins, (9) Astrological dispositions. (10) Misanthropy and disillusionment.

notice that most of these who object to the aggressive tone of my writing are people who were born and bred in that stratum of the population which is known as 'genteel'. Once before I have ennumerated the advantages which have accrued to me from beginning life as the son of a good family. Here is another one. Unlike the 'genteel' I need not be afraid to offend my 'betters', because such ideas do not enter one's head, either way.

2. First of all, this is the way in which the Hate Type sees the world. And, unless he is oily and hypocritical, he will say so. Among Buddhaghosa's Six Types I belong clearly to both Hate and Wisdom. On the spiritual plane, it is therefore not surprising that in my interpretation of the Dharma I follow the lineage of Tsong-Kha-Pa, and that I have a special regard for Mañjuśrī and Yāmantaka.

It is not quite easy to translate these things into the language of modern psychology. My Tutorial Classes gave me much opportunity to apply the current psychological tests to my own individual disposition. There I found that on the Sheldon scale I rate as Five Cerebrotonic, Three Somatotonic and Two Viscerotonic, — not much benevolence there either. I am a pronounced introvert, and have little inclination towards extraversion. In Jung's Four Types my primary function is Intuition, with Thinking as the secondary function, whereas Sensation and Feeling are blocked out. On the Otis Intelligence Test I scored 99.998. If you look at the binomial curve for intelligence, you will appreciate that that in itself gives ample room for losing my temper. For it is not given to me to suffer fools gladly. Many of my readers will nevertheless be comforted by the reflection that the Otis Test is now completely *démodé*. Another factor which also stokes the fires of Hate is that I am not a particularly masculine person. Once in Santa Barbara I had to reprove one of my co-eds for pointing this out, and told her, with some slight exaggeration, that the truly spiritual man is known to be androgynous. This colours my attitude to homosexuality. If it is distasteful to me, it is not on philosophical grounds but because in a place like Oxford I am apt to be molested by the 'gay' section of the population.

3. People constantly tell me that this ferocity ill-becomes a Buddhist who ought to be mild and compassionate. It has never occurred to them that they might be in the presence of the Bodhisattva

in the shape of Yāmantaka. If you consider some of the choice exemplars of the species *Apasmara Purusha* which I have met in my life then it is not surprising that I should trample upon them with the same abandon as Yāmantaka, Vajrabhairava, and all of them, trample on the limp figures writhing underneath their feet. What inspires my savagery is disinterested *Krodha,* a spiritual virtue of the yogin, known to the Monotheistic religions as the Wrath of God. The average worldling assumes that a practising Yogin associates these remarks of mine with the same emotions that he would feel himself. This is not so.

4. Worldlings do not understand that there is not the slightest malice in all this invective. What to worldly people seems to be 'a veritable *tour de force* of venom'[1] testifies in fact to the alienation of the spiritual man from the Satanic society around him. The worst strictures are reserved for those who are most typical of this society[2]. It seems to me that from the outside you cannot with any certainty infer that some one is motivated by hatred.

So great is peoples' desire to rid themselves of their sense of guilt by passing judgment on others that many people nowadays talk about violence, hatred, aggression and such topics without realizing that they pass judgment far too easily in a field where everything is uncertain. Even the difference between violence and non-violence is hard to define. People have criticized me for placing both Stalin and Gandhi on the Empyrean Heights (I, p.27) and have argued that the bad Stalin killed so many people whereas the good Gandhi preached non-violence. To the Muslims, Sikhs and Hindus who died as a result of these preachings of non-violence the difference cannot have meant much. In the hands of twentieth century man the Ahimsa of Hindu tradition is as deadly as the Red Terror of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. It is not even easy to decide what constitutes 'aggression'. To Americans it is self-evident that the 1941 attack on their fleet in Pearl Harbour was an act of aggression. Not so to a Japanese who would regard it as a slightly

[1]These were the words used by Allen & Unwin when they rejected the RTI version of this SAGA

[2]It is perfectly true that the Gnostic outsider's hatred of the world can easily shade into a hatred of what is done in it, and that again into a hatred for those who do it And some of it may of course be the well-known misanthropy of old men

delayed defensive retaliation for Admiral Perry's totally unprovoked bullyings in 1853, not to mention the bombardment of Choshu in the Straits of Shimonoseki in 1864[1].

4a. If I may illustrate this with just one example. In Part I (p.119) I have described Prof. Hellmut Wilhelm as 'the insignificant son of an illustrious father'. Though sharp, this remark is not a spiteful one. It hits the nail exactly on the head. He was one of those sons of eminent people who unwisely take up the career of their fathers without matching their abilities. In consequence they remain, during their entire lives, a lesser version of their fathers, and that cannot be good for either their character or their peace of mind.

Now if I know anything, it is that I have never felt the slightest anger towards Hellmut whatever he did to me. Only sorrow that a fine person like him should have been destroyed by the 'military industrial complex' which, under George Taylor, took over our Department in Seattle. At no time have we departed from a wary camaraderie punctured by short-lived bickerings. A few examples will illustrate the flavour of our relationship. During an acrimonious faculty meeting I remarked that at times the ways of Providence are truly inscrutable. Why for instance should we two be born at nearly the same time in about exactly opposite corners of the earth, — he in Tsing-tao and I in London, — only to now meet in Seattle and get on each other's nerves. This was the nastiest thing I ever said to him, and he agreed that Providence might have arranged matters more conveniently for both of us. To survive in the academic jungle, one must be endowed with a good dose of the killer instinct. Some of my colleagues have indeed had reason to complain that I treated them badly, but never Hellmut whose person I always spared and respected. It is true that once he exclaimed at a meeting, 'Deviousness thy name is Edward!' That was not, however, because, of what I had done to him, but because as a relatively straightforward person, he was unfamiliar with the workings of the Piscean mind.

Hellmut specialized in the *I Ching* and gave for the 'Free

[1]The Japanese who told me this wondered when (not, whether!) Nippon will return a greatly improved Atomic device to the mainland of America. Thus one act of violence begets another.

University', in a stuffy room on University Way, just outside the Campus, lectures on the subject which I attended[1]. They were sufficiently impressive for me to ask him to come to my office once it was clear that Taylor had definitely managed to get rid of me. What, I asked him, has the *I Ching* to say about 'the meaning of Conze's coming to Seattle'? It was truly amazing what he could tell me, and he there and then convinced me that the *I Ching,* though every bit as improbable as astrology, can plumb depths of reality beyond the reach of other methods.

5. I have already on p.64 spoken of the effect which meditation has on one's attitude to compassion. What I claim with more or less conviction is that my entire outlook on these things has been totally altered by years of meditation on *metta* and by the systematic application of 'May all beings be happy and at their ease, may they be joyous and live in safety!' to all directions of space as prescribed by Buddhaghosa. The great difficulty at this point is that the results of Buddhist meditations cannot be conveyed to those who have not done them.

Just to give a few examples. Friends have been astonished by the 'admission' in Part I (p.55) that I was not quite sure of whether I would live on after death. These friendly critics can never have meditated on either Faith or Doubt. If they had done so they would have discovered the dialectical truth that total Faith can persist only if coupled with total Doubt. If one tries to have it on its own the Doubt, which is unavoidable with essentially dubious topics, has to be pushed into the unconscious from which it will re-emerge as the persecution of others. To some extent Al-Ghazali and even St. Augustine seem to have understood this truth, and also in philosophy the connection between Scepticism and Fideism is often a close one. Those who omit to combine these opposites inflict not only a great deal of suffering on themselves, but also become a great nuisance to others. This was clearly demonstrated by Innocent III and Petrus Damiani who were on the right path but spoiled everything by their attempts to suppress Doubt by force.

[1]They have appeared in Seattle in 1977 as 'Heaven, earth and man in the Book of Changes'.

Meditations on Impermanence and on seeing how things 'come, become, go' change even the datum as it is perceived but in such a way that one could not describe it to those who have not done these exercises. Likewise it is difficult to convey how one learns to switch on Mindfulness at will, so that events run off in front of one like a film and seem as significant as something which happens on celluloid. As a result of many years of meditation on the thirty-two parts of the body and on the nine apertures, the warning co-emerges together with the sexual stimulation, and the two stimuli fuse completely. Meditations on death have completely altered my views on the saving of life or the condemnation of mass murders which provides the staple diet of our newspaper readers. One such meditation consists in recalling all the people who die at this precise moment, again distributed according to the directions of space, as prescribed. I read somewhere that General Giap as a young Buddhist did precisely this meditation which later enabled him to devise the strategy which allowed him to eject the technologically immeasurably superior Americans from his country.

Of particular importance to me has been the meditation on the five precepts. I will just say a few words about the first precept. This incidentally produces an aware-ness of how much violence has to take place all the time for people to maintain themselves, and in particular how it is of the very fabric of what is known as modern civilization. In this way I have come to treat harmlessness as an absolute standard of the social scene, though, unlike Gandhi, I do not regard it as a workable policy. Raghavan Iyer's 'The Moral and Political Thought of Mahatma Gandhi', 1978 has a very good discussion on this. In the process of it he sees that non-violence, as Nagarjuna and Aryadeva have shown before, implies that 'The Votary of *Ahimsa* must seek to reduce himself to zero' (p.194). If I speak of the 'deadly and debilitating disease of urban civilization' (I, p.23), this does not show that I am too stupid to realize that life would be very much more inconvenient without it. In fact each time I open my mouth I cannot fail to be aware of the advantages of false teeth, which, as we all know, are much superior to that which nature provides. But if it is assumed that each act of killing involves guilt and retribution, then one cannot fail to see that the end cannot be far away. Though, and that is my point here, to the non-meditator

the full extent of the slaughter will remain hidden, — however much you may talk about the mass killings of men in Wars, the gigantic expenditure on armaments, the killing of animals for food and their large-scale elimination by torrents of poison, the torture of millions of them for vivisection, and the general flattening out of the surface of the earth by stinking machines. The daily multiplication of crimes is so horrible that some kind of cosmic retribution is bound to sweep the entire cancerous system away. Something like that apparently happened once before at the beginning of human history.

Transformed by all these meditations, I have written even the most vicious pages of this book in a spirit of dispassionate serenity *(sermonis puri non tristis gratia ridet)*[1] which my victims, I hope, will not fail to share. Once when I was walking with my friend Fred Brook[2] in Windsor Park, I described myself to him as 'a naked flame consuming itself'.[3] That must have been more than twenty years ago. I have never said anything like that to anyone since. Nevertheless when I received some time ago a copy of my *Festschrift,* I found that on the cover it was precisely this which was depicted to illustrate my life's work. And the irony of it is that this drawing is the work of a lama who never met me and who married my least favourite student in Berkeley. This is how life works.

6. Some of the venom is the true effect of spirituality. Spiritual Odysseys show few others on the same level as Ulysses. In her autobiography, Kathleen Raine comes out much worse than Sir Freddie Ayer in his. Of whom in particular did Jesus Christ approve in the Gospels? It is also good for a Buddhist that nothing should hold him back from dying gladly, least of all affection *(sneha)* for a human being. Those who accuse me of cold-blooded brutality have not, I think, comprehended the basic principles of the Buddhadharma. Most members of sectarian Buddhist Organisations in the West are at heart disappointed Christians, discontented with the record of

[1]'A cheerful kindness laughs through my pure speech'. In my youth *Petronius arbiter elegantiarum* was quite a cult figure among the young men of Duesseldorf, due to his occurrence in a novel, probably Sienkiewicz's *Quo Vadis.* We discussed among ourselves what it would feel like to die from cutting our veins in a hot bath.

[2]Appendix 10, no. (5)

[3]This has been anticipated by Sir Thomas Browne's, 'Life is a pure flame and we live by an invisible sun within us'.

their Churches or the attention which the Almighty has bestowed upon them or their families. Such people cannot easily grasp why the cobra should be sacred to Shiva, or why the Lord Buddha should be known as the Great Naga. Alan Watts' mother commented that 'the meetings of the Buddhist Lodge' were run 'like an old-time Sunday School' (*In my Own Way,* p.113) Like any non-conformist sect such people talk about Love, and praise their own virtues, while dis-praising Christian practices as so greatly inferior to Buddhist precepts.

It is in the nature of things that spiritual endeavours are often backed up by a great deal of spite against the world in general. In fact we have in parts of the world like California a phenomenon repeating itself which contributed so much to the collapse of the Roman Imperial system. A considerable number of particularly able children of the Upper Classes refuse to collaborate in maintaining the existing social system, flee from the world in some form or other and, instead of doing Administrative or technically useful work, devote their considerable energies to the contemplation of such moonshine concepts as emptiness and so on. This phenomenon was noted about 415 A.D. by Claudius Rutilius Namatianus in his famous account of a journey from Rome to Gaul. He says at I, 439-448 about the island of Capraria:

'So, to Capraria at length we came,
A slum hole where the owl men lurked in stone,
Monks do they call themselves, a Greekish name,
And drag out lives unwitnessed and alone,
They shrink from fortune's gifts and fear her blows.
Who, to miss poverty, poverty would choose.
What mad perversity such action shows:
To fear life's ills and yet its good refuse.
Closed in themselves and hid in slaveyard cells;
Is it their fate, or bile that blackening swells.'[1]

This SAGA of mine certainly sorts out the men from the boys, or, in more Biblical terms, separates the sheep from the goats. Some hate it so much that they warn me that it will destroy my reputation. With whom, I wonder. Others are fascinated by the

[1]Tr. J. Lindsay. See appendix 10, no. (6)

world-defying élan which has carried me through my seventy years. My dear mother used to describe it as *bodenlose Unverschaemtheit* (boundless impudence) which during my 1926 visit to Paris I tried to shape into a *philosophie du gaminisme,* which was somehow connected with a book 'Hamydal le Philosophe' by the then popular Maurice Dekobra, author of 'La Madone des Sleepings'. A few have even caught sight of the undercurrent of hilarity, audacity and jubilation which the spirit gives to those who give their all to the spirit. When I suggested to a friend that these Memoirs might have for sub-title 'The Murmurings of a Maddened Mongol', she proposed *smyon-pa-po* for the penultimate word.

6a. Anyone who claims spirituality for himself must face the retort that he is merely an egoist. Once again the unity of opposites! Turgenev claimed that Tolstoy's apotheosis of non-violence was a compensation for his failure to show real love to any human being. Minaev described the Buddha as an 'ice cold egoist'. Dr. Johnson wrote of Milton that he had 'a lofty and steady confidence in himself, perhaps not without some contempt for others; for scarcely any man ever wrote so much and praised so few'. And the great-nephew of Prince Vasiltchikov said of Lermontov that he 'was clearly a quite insufferable character and a pain in the neck to all those who associated with him, friend and foe alike'.

7. Finally there is clearly a cultural factor involved. Goethe already regarded it as a modern phenomenon that his contemporaries seemed to hate each other on a quite extensive scale[1]. Things have got worse since those days. So many of the recently published diaries and autobiographies have been vicious to their contemporaries. We have to think only of Lord Reith, Cecil King, Malcolm Muggeridge and Evelyn Waugh, and this very morning I read in 'The Times', in the notice of Beverley Nichols' 'The Unforgiving Minute' that he 'reveals himself as a good hater, who writes at his best when angry'. A particularly good example is Richard Crossman, also the son of a Judge, an academic and inclined to be 'disdainful in his intellectually lofty outlook upon' almost everyone he meets. If I am slightly more venomous than Crossman it may be because Buddhist scholars are

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (7)

likely to have better brains than Labour politicians. Those who feel that I am unduly severe on people who generally have quite a good reputation will find some solace in the way in which *The Sunday Times* (30.10.77) describes Crossman's estimate of 'the rest of his colleagues'.

'As the procession of cowardly, tight-faced, arrogant, egotistical, unreliable, bloody-minded, untrustworthy, lazy, reactionary, intellectually vulgar, catastrophic, depressing, hopelessly narrow-minded, brash, disastrously stupid, devious, completely ineffective, twisters, apes and drunks reels past on page after page one hardly knows whether to admire more the vigour of Crossman's language or our stamina in surviving such a Government.'

In the present period of English history this angry attitude may well be due largely to a combination of sensitivity and intelligence. In England in particular the imperial decline follows the sad pattern of 17th century Spain and with Harold Wilson we seemed to have reached the torpor which had overtaken Spanish society at the time of Count Olivares. After a while imperial nations become so used to living on loot and plunder that they can no longer put their hands to useful productive work. They also have praised themselves extravagantly for so long that they fail to perceive the steady loss of esteem in the eyes of their neighbours. With everything going to rack and ruin all around us we must be allowed to get cross now and then. Just think of the psychosomatic results which would befall us if we were to eat all this into our souls!

8. Two additional factors might be considered. The first is that my English readers have been struck by how much I have remained a German after living in England for so many years and outwardly conforming to the ways of the English. In fact behind the soft spoken twaddle of the elderly scholar, they see rising in the background ever so often the silhouette of a German of inflexible demeanour and at times almost Bismarckian[1] proportions. This is to some extent confirmed by my observation that my life and that of Frederick Engels show many surprising similarities. They are too

[1]My lifestyle is as German as his, though less feudal. As he began the day with half a bottle of champagne, so I with a bottle of beer, — preferably Double Diamond or Löwenbräu. No tea for me!

numerous to be listed here, because we both sprang from the same earth. What matters here is that we both combined ferocity with joviality. The main difference is that his beard grew to more convincing proportions and that he had for his friend one of the outstanding geniuses of history.

9. And finally I would have been untrue to myself if I had behaved more amicably to my contemporaries. Not only do I have a conjunction of Moon and Mars in the 9th House; not only am I Leo Rising, but my entire life has been dominated by the combination of Sun Pisces and Moon Aries. In his masterly, *Heaven Knows What,* (1970) Grant Lewi describes it as follows (p.147):

'You have a judicial type of mind, aware, alert and intuitive, relating knowledge, life, principles and ideals strictly to yourself, and then allowing your concepts to take in general principles. You are naturally reserved, although a vitality of manner makes you appear less so than you really are. Behind the expansiveness of approach you have a private life of your own that remains untouched and you are forming judgements of people and events all the time. You are rather more self-sufficient than you appear; you like to reach forth from your private world and influence other people at the same time that you remain detached and a little proud and aloof. Your self respect is tremendous, and working hand in hand with your independence of spirit carries you along in the world. There is something solid and substantial about you that other people trust. You are affectionate and somewhat ardent in love, though you are touchy and easily offended. You are a trifle quarrelsome and have something of a chip on your shoulder — in your manner at least. You are temperamental in the real sense and temperament, anger, bafflement and frustration make you nervous and rebound on you so that you are likely to be more hurt than your opponent. You need peace and calm and should not let the more aggressive side of your nature disturb the repose that is so needful to the other side. You have about you an air of authority which is confusing to less positive people who are always relieved to find that you are not as unyielding as you appear. You are very sympathetic and understanding, and your bravado is in the nature of a protective shell around a very sensitive core.'

This becomes much clearer if one considers Lord Longford, a

Libra, who represents the very antithesis to my approach. In chapter 9 of Part III I will demonstrate how in this case astrological dispositions determine literary style. Surely those who have read so far will agree that I certainly would bite off my tongue rather than to say, 'For once I had a brilliant thought'. Nor do I often refer to someone else as 'my infinitely gentle mentor', or speak of his 'infinite delicacy and kindness' or 'his usual penetrating gaze'.

10. My entire life can now be seen as one long process of disenchantment. I am not alone in that, but what is fairly peculiar to me is that the intensity of the initial illusion makes the subsequent disillusionment all the harder to bear. As a boy I looked upon the Kaiser and Hindenburg as knights in shining armour and wondered to myself whether they had ever to go to the lavatory. Other boys had similar thoughts. Of my mother I had formed an image which owed a great deal to the Sistine Madonna which hung in the bedroom which Wolf and I shared. Through Anna I discovered the process which had propelled me into this world, and for some years I could not really believe that a refined lady like my mother could possibly indulge in filthy, disgusting and grotesque practices of this kind. When Anna unearthed a Dutch cap I was forced to admit to myself that this kind of thing was apparently still going on. For many years I was proud of being a German, but after 1933 I have often been ashamed of Germany, and have played down my own Germanness by overstressing the connections which my family has had with Holland and France. After worshipping the English Ruling Classes from afar[1] I have now come to look upon them as a bunch of decadent ninnies[2]. Likewise closer acquaintance with Buddhists has not increased my respect for them. This goes so far that I normally prefer Christian Tamils to Sinhalese Buddhists. How many of the Holy Lamas of my expectations have turned out to be gun-toting whisky-swilling philanderers! How many of the scholars whom I used to revere from afar as a student have turned out to be vain and cantankerous old men, very much like myself! As for mankind itself, every day I agree more with Jonathan Swift's misanthropy, though

[1]My first literary success was an admiring Sixth Form paper on Asquith's Cabinet.

[2]I have often felt that the Suez disaster of 1956 was due to Eden's belief that the world is actually like a novel of Jane Austen, his favourite author.

I cannot decide in my own mind how much Somerset Maugham exaggerated when he said, 'The nature of men and women, — their *essential* nature — is *so* vile and despicable that if you were to portray a person as he really is, no one would believe you'. And so one could go on for quite a while.

In spring 1933 I remember being driven near Hamburg in a car through a wood and thinking sadly that this would probably be the last Spring in which I could see the sun shining on the bracken, and all the rest. Now in 1978 all that I hope for is a nice quick, if possible painless, heart attack which removes me from the mess I see all around me, and whisks me back to the Seat which my Ancestors have kept warm for me, there to report that the mission has been accomplished. Senescence does not come to us at a uniform rate, but as a series of falls from one ledge to another. It was in Wisconsin round about my sixtieth birthday that I was pushed down another step of this staircase towards old age. It led to gloomy forebodings of death, and the depressive mood was intensified by the personal and professional difficulties I then experienced, and also by one of Simenon's tales, which dealt with an old man waiting to die. When I recalled the dangerous days of 1933 and what I had achieved since then, I took heart from this verse of the 'Greek Anthology':

> 'I was running a race with the Reaper.
> I hastened; he lingered; I won.
> Now strike, Death! You sluggard, you sleeper.
> You cannot undo what I have done.'

How much more so in 1978!

When I began life on earth I must have believed that I had come to one of the Heavens. Now I know that I have been to a place which can only be the Hell of some other Star. I will try to do better next time. But will I?

SECTION 3: PLACES

a. Visits to Italy

Coupled with the joy of being in contact with the dynamic personality of Tucci, was the joy of being in Rome. It is well known that Italy does something to the German soul. At one end this is represented by Goethe, at the other by hordes of hooligans in sweaty Bavarian leather shorts singing, *Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten,* on the Campidoglio. My reaction was, I think, nearer to that of Goethe. My first experience of Italy had been in 1920 when I cycled from Duesseldorf, where I then lived, to Venice. On the first leg of this trip, to Munich, I was part of a team which somehow won (though I have forgotten what, how, or why). We had to cycle by night, and I remember how much time we lost trying to read the signposts with our torches. At that time the roads were still unencumbered with noisy, stinking and murderous motor vehicles, although at times they were a bit rough, and the cobblestones in the smaller towns were distinctly unpleasant. I then went on over the Brenner[1], and the first sight of the Southern sky on the other side of the Alps was, to me, a revelation as it has been to many Germans before me. One night I stayed with people whose house was so primitive that they had no chimney, and the smoke came out of a hole in the roof, though most of it seemed to stay in the room. When I passed the Lake of Garda I saw the *Vittoriale degli Italiani,* the house of Gabriele D'Annunzio, who each morning posed for

[1]At this point I may insert a warning to parents who think they can indoctrinate their children. When I pushed my bicycle up the road to the Brenner Pass, I had around me a truly magnificent scenery. I decided to ignore it by reading Walter Scott's 'Quentin Durward' in the Tauchnitz Edition. This was nothing but the spirit of revolt. We had to endure as children three dreaded cultural activities, Art Galleries, Concerts and Beautiful Landscapes. In the first my mother guided our faltering steps and firmly told us all the time 'This is Art', and 'This is not Art'. When I look at the wall of my study I see a reproduction of Max Beckmann's Odysseus and Kalypso which was branded as definitely *not* Art. Concerts meant that one was exposed for hours to a bore like Brahms, and was constantly told, 'Sit still, don't wriggle' and so on. And as for these awful landscapes, sunsets etc., I remember already at school in Jena, when we had toiled up some valley so as to be able to relish some really splendid view, that I shocked the teacher by eating my sandwiches with my back to that very view.

his monument on a white horse. He was the sort of Piscean[1] buffoon for whom I have had a great liking all my life and whom I have imitated whenever I could. *Eia Eia Alala.* In Venice I stayed in a room directly on the level of the canal in one of the old palaces, say of the Vendramin. It is there that I learned what beauty can mean. There was just one omen of the sad future. The first flocks of American tourists had arrived. They always moved in droves, and it was quite a sport to go to a place where they were regularly shown 'The biggest picture in the World' (depicting The Last Judgement). Nobody could yet foresee that these Barbarians from the Middle West would one day destroy decent cooking throughout Europe by their insistence on hamburgers or frankfurters, and on putting tomato ketchup on any dish set before them. In Rome, in the fifties, their often outrageous behaviour in restaurants was known as *La Brutalità Americana.*

Tucci's Institute is quite near Santa Maria Maggiore, and so I first settled into a *pensione,* between that Church and the Termini Railway Station. The very first afternoon, I hastened to the Museo Nazionale Romano in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, and there for many hours I viewed in rapture and reverence the relics of antiquity. Later on, I spent much time with the monuments of the pagan past, the Pantheon and Hadrian's Tomb being the great favourites. Once Tucci took me to the Opera House to see Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice.* The decor and performance were really quite superb, and two thousand years of Christian obfuscation and tomfoolery seemed to have vanished away. My view of classical antiquity is that of Schiller's poem on *Die Goetter Griechenlands,* and since this is my life story I do not have to justify it against what may be called more recent research. When a young man I was a great admirer of the Emperor Julian, and Ibsen's drama on him disappointed me so much that I started to write what I hoped would be a better one. Nevertheless Roman Christianity struck me as less distasteful than I thought it would. Except for a few fake relics, I

[1]In Anthony Rhodes' fine biography of D'Annunzio, called 'The Poet as Superman', I came on p.234 across this delightful passage; 'Signs of the poet's lunacy now begin to multiply. He had always avidly read the Almanacco del Barbanera, a kind of Italian Old Moore and dozens of copies of this astrological work now lay about the Vittoriale'.

found it quite attractive for exactly the same reason that Martin Luther hated it so much, — i.e. because there is so little Christian about it. The old Roman Empire was a device to extricate money and power through the manipulation of superstition coupled with military force. Later history has shown that for this purpose the legions were in fact superfluous, — being expensive, and liable to mutiny and defeat. This was confirmed by San Pietro, the Church which had caused the Lutheran schism. On the frieze under the drum of the dome, there is an inscription in letters six feet high, made with gold obtained by the massacre of countless Mexicans. This inscription does not, however, deal with the spiritual life, but with the priestly claim to supremacy for Rome as the City of *Tu Es Petrus,* and so on[1]. The only offensive irruption of Judaic Christianity is in the Vatican Museum next door, where all the male statues have been disfigured by having fig leaves plunked on to their middles, whereas female statues are very few and far between, because even our black-robed eunuchs could not think up suitable 'bras' for them. It is quite amazing to see how these hideous fig leaves made of dark-green clay destroy the entire proportion of the male body. The female figure suffered likewise before pubic hair was allowed. This reminds me of the great days of 1936 in Barcelona where my anarchist friends had plastered the Ramblas, the avenues leading up from the sea front, with innumerable photographs of naked girls taken from 'Paris Plaisir', and such publications. When I enquired what was the point of this, I was told that it was meant to be a blow against the hypocrisy of the priests, and for the emancipation of the flesh. This struck me as very funny. I pointed out that none of these ladies had any hair below their necks, and that it would be a much more creative idea to strip naked a number of the very pretty Catalan girls of Barcelona, and then we could see what 'the flesh' was actually like. In reply I was told that my bourgeois birth had obviously corrupted me irretrievably, and that I mistook socialism for decadence. Nor could I answer back, because they had just offered to bump off the man who shadowed me for the

[1]After Matthew 16, 18-19. These are surely the sixteen most profitable words ever penned by the hand of man. In Ronald Knox's English version, 'Thou art Peter, and it is upon this rock that I will build my Church; and I will give to thee the keys of the Kingdom of Heaven'.

GPU. To return to Rome, when I saw the Papal Altar of San Pietro, I was very cross to think that it had been made from the bronze of the Celestial Deities of the Pantheon, and thought of Swinburne's telling remark to the Aztec Princess;

'So this is the truth of your holy religion.
The father, the son and the wonderful pigeon.'

But I changed my tune later, when I had the wonderful experience of being blessed by Pope Pius XII with hundreds of others, by his taking some of the Holy Ghost from those doves and putting it on us. What impressed me particularly was that, just like Julius Caesar before him, he was the *Pontifex Maximus* carried high above the crowd on his ivory chair, and by putting his biretta on theirs, he conveyed to them the grace of God. It was truly magnificent. This bath in the fountains of antiquity on my Roman visits has proved a perpetual fountain of youth to me.

b. Visit to the Soviet Union in 1960

For Communists a visit to Moscow is like a Mohammedan going to Mecca, or a Christian going to Rome or Jerusalem. I went to the International Congress of Orientalists in August 1960. Since I had been abused so often by Communist papers[1], I was not sure of my reception and decided to become extraterritorial. So I went trebly fortified as a delegate of the I.O.L., a representative of the *Manchester Guardian* and as a guest of the Embassy of Ceylon. The Ambassador at that time was Prof. Malalasekera, a good Buddhist scholar in his younger days when Mrs. Rhys Davids could guide him. He was very kind to me, and provided me with a large room, food, cigarettes, drinks, and whatever else I asked for during my stay. We became good friends, and for the first time I understood what empire building means to those who are built upon. In this way I by-passed Intourist which embittered the lives of everyone else. I also acquired the cockiness which comes from knowing that nobody can touch you without causing an international incident. For various reasons I decided to take the train which went straight from Hoek van Holland to Moscow, and which was funished with

[1]Alas, all these examples of Communist abuse were handed in to the American Embassy in London in 1963, and are now lost to me.

all the luxuriousness of the 19th Century trains which had carried the representatives of our firms to St. Petersburg where they sold silken underwear to the doomed aristocrats and their women. Each compartment was designed for two people only, and each wagon had two officials, presumably KGB, who made tea and watched what we did. I shared my compartment with Harry St. John Bridger Philby (1885-1960), a great man in his own right, though known to the general populace as the father of his son, Kim Philby, who as a colonel in the KGB, was an exceptionally successful agent for the Soviet Union in the higher reaches of English officialdom, and who now resides in Moscow. It was staggering to see how the similarity of our social background had moulded us alike. First of all we were both convinced anti-Imperialists. Philby, after his resignation from the Colonial Office in 1924 had in fact been a perpetual nuisance to the British representatives in the Arab world and had sponsored the Arab side in everything. Secondly, and more unusually, we both thought that the Second World War was unnecessary and agreed on who was responsible for it. In 1939 he had engaged in wide ranging peace propaganda. He had even stood at a By-Election for Lord Tavistock's pacifistic 'British Peoples' Party', winning support from both Black Shirts and the Peace Pledge Union. The peace-minded British electorate gave him 576 votes out of a total of 22,169. In 1940 he was arrested in India, shipped back to Britain, interned for four months under Section 18B and then released as 'a harmless fanatic'.[1] Thirdly we had both adopted an Asian religion, he Islam and I Buddhism. He was one of the three great explorers of the Empty Quarter of Arabia, a friend and adviser to King Ibn Sa'ud and a very rich man to boot. I have always liked the report of an Arab agent in Taif about Philby huddling with Arabs in the sand, who wrote, 'It was possible to distinguish Philby from the thirty five Bedouin in his group only by the fact his feet were not quite dirty enough'.[2] He and I differed in that Philby had explored the Outer World and I the Inner One. Unfamiliar food always upsets me, and I succumbed to some culinary delicacy in the Restaurant Car even before we had reached Warsaw. He, on the

[1]E. Monroe, *Philby of Arabia,* 1973.

[2]B. Page, D. Leitch, P. H. Knightley, *Philby: The Spy who Betrayed a Generation,* 1968, p.38.

other hand, told me that all his life he had eaten anything and everything and never paid for it by indigestion.

As for the Soviet Union, we both felt as Parsival did on his way to the Grail and were convinced that the Capitalist media had distorted the true picture. The second part of this assumption turned out to be true. As for the first, the last time I saw Philby was on the steps of the Lomonosov University surrounded by spent matches,[1] trying in vain to set alight his very broad cut Caucasian tobacco[2]. I asked, 'And what do *you* think of all this?'. He replied: 'If anyone had told us any of this, we would not have believed him.' On his return by plane to Beirut, he died from a heart attack and thus, unlike me, he had no need to harmonize his later experiences with his earlier convictions. In any case, in the train we were very well disposed towards the Soviet Union, and, remembering that everything in Moscow seemed to be bugged, I wonder whether the authorities had a typescript of what we said to each other. That may explain why I was treated with such friendliness, was described as 'a leading anti-Fascist of the 30's' and, 'a relative of Engels', and was allowed to see more than most, even a private room and the Volga-Don Canal. Just one example of my feelings at the time may suffice. The train had come to a halt. The passengers, all delegates to the Congress, left their lairs and gathered in the corridors, trying to find out what was happening.[3] I stood with a Dutch colleague, whom I knew to be a fervent anti-Imperialist. He had heard from someone who spoke Russian that we were at Vyazma where the great tank battles had thrown back the Nazis. I said, 'So we are here on Holy Ground'. A German who stood nearby pulled a face

[1]Matches were one of the few things which could be had in abundance. Metal coins were scarce, because metal was needed for more useful purposes, such as tanks, ships and the Kalashnikov rifle. So, often when you got change for anything less than a rouble, you were given match boxes, at, I think, five copecks per piece.

[2]I had offered him English tobacco from the Embassy of Ceylon, but it was his principle always to consume local food, drink and smokes wherever he went.

[3]This is a European habit which you soon lose in Russia itself. As, for instance, in Moscow, our observant scholarly eyes noted that all the lorries seemed to be empty. We did not dare to mention this to anyone in case we had stumbled on some State secret, and would henceforward be suspect as American or West German agents. But we discussed the phenomenon among ourselves. Do the full lorries go only by night, so that we should not know what was being transported, how much, where to and so on? Or had they, perhaps, run out of anything to transport and so tried to deceive us by filling the roads with empty lorries? The puzzle, like so many others, remained unresolved.

and walked away. That is why I remember this remark so clearly. What I also remember is what I thought when the train went past Vyazma on the way back. I was alone then because nearly everyone else had been so eager to get out that they had preferred to fly home. In consequence I had no-one to tell how amazed I was at this previous remark of mine.

We entered the Soviet Union at Brest Litovsk where the train disappeared for some hours so that it could be changed from the narrow European to the broader Russian gauge. Now began fifteen days of new experiences which were unexpected, unsettling, bizarre, and often hard to believe. In Brest itself, we were greeted by a long row of soldiers with fixed bayonets lined up along the train. Their light blond hair and soft Slavonic features suggested that they were local troops from Byelorussia. Their impassive and immobile faces — just the same as one can see on photographs of Poincaré's meeting with the Tzar in 1913 — could not be moved by ribald remarks of any kind. Even when one of them was asked how many babies he had had for breakfast, the result was nil. We enquired from our guards why this show of force should be deemed necessary and were told that this was to prevent American agents from jumping out of the train and thus entering the Soviet Union surreptitiously. By that time we were all of us fairly fed up with this talk about 'American agents', because in the summer heat we were not allowed to open the windows, and only now and then could our teamakers be induced to use their tools to open a window in the corridor ever so slightly, though, in such a case, they never kept their eyes off the window.

Well, after some time we were told to go into the station, and what met us there was the unforgettable sight of hundreds and hundreds of poorly dressed people sitting and lying huddled all over the place — we had reached Asia. Trying to while away the time, we went to the restaurant. There we discovered, not for the last time, that the revolution had not resulted in an efficient, or even tolerable, restaurant service. At the counter I asked for beer — Peeba. The waitress pushed a bottle across, took the top off and told me the price. I paid and asked for a glass. 'Nyet'. So I said, 'Ny Kulturny', a reproach which worked instantly. The whole vast room contained dozens of marble-topped tables, many broken and

discoloured, full of glasses upon glasses which were left standing there unwashed. The waitress rushed out from behind her counter, took one single glass, disappeared behind a door, judging by her looks probably spat into it, wiped it and came back pushing it at me. All the rest of the party had to drink their Peeba out of their bottles. This was our first intimation of the fact that the average consumer is of no importance in the Soviet system. One might regard this as a totally bad thing, until one has seen a highly efficient consumer society at the other end of the world.

The Embassy of Ceylon was housed in a splendid villa which a Tzarist sugar-merchant had built for his mistress. The Ambassador in his Mercedes fetched me, and we nearly ran over a drunk who, attracted by the light, wanted to stop us. As a reward for its anti-Imperialist fight, the Soviet Union has stored up an enormous fund of goodwill in the Third World, which it is dissipating rapidly, not only by cutting off aid to countries like China and Egypt just when it is most inconvenient, but also by extending its suspicions to its best friends. Malalasekera had come to Moscow full of goodwill, but had become distinctly restive as a result of being hemmed in by an incredibly obstructive bureaucracy and by the constant supervision of all he did and said. Although he regarded astrology as a toy for weak-minded women, he asked me find out from his horoscope whether he would have to stay in Moscow for long. He was overjoyed when I told him that he would be transferred within a year. (In fact, he was soon after sent to Toronto.) He had one Russian woman who did nothing else but sit on the phone to get simple things like theatre tickets, taxis for visitors, visits to functions and so on through the bureaucracy. The Mercedes cars of the Embassy were chauffeured by KGB men. The whole place was bugged. One evening we had for dinner a very pleasant Tamil Christian Professor who complained volubly about the countless irritations to which he had been subjected. The Ambassador gave him a thorough dressing down. Later on I asked him, far out in the gardens, why he had done so, since the Tamil had only said, rather more mildly, exactly word for word what Malalasekera himself had told me. He pointed to the sky and said: 'There is a huge bug above the dining table and I cannot do my work here if they have documentary proof of what I actually think.' It surprised me that

with all his anger over his frustrations he never became hostile to the Russians or lost his sympathy with them. This is what happened to me also.

To round off this aspect of life in the Soviet Union, I will give an instance of the success with which they cover up events. At the Conference an inaugural speech was given, or rather read, by Mikoyan (Krushchev was away on holiday in the Crimea). It contained the sentence, 'This is the first of these Conferences at which the Asians, the object of your studies, are present in large numbers, and I welcome our Comrades from the Peoples' Republic of China,' etc. A look around revealed only white faces with a tiny sprinkling of brown and yellow. Peter Swann who represented the *Observer,* and I who was supposed to write up the Conference for the *Manchester Guardian,* at once went to the Press Bureau, and asked for a copy of the speech. Alas, no such luck. The copy of the speech was handed out only after a week, (without this sentence, of course), and so was the list of Delegates, which contained three Chinese names, all from the U.S.A. Later on we could put two and two together. This was the time when the Krushchev Government committed the colossal blunder of suddenly withdrawing its technicians and withholding spare parts from China. Several hundred Chinese had planned to come. Now they were not allowed to do so. We suspected that something fishy was going on, and liked to tease our Russian colleagues by asking them where all the Chinese were. *And yet, no-one knew the truth at the time!* This secretiveness obviously confers a great advantage on this system, though it is not conducive to free speech or investigative journalism.

A young man called Leonid Ivanovich was instructed to show me the sights and see to it that I came to no harm. He was a lecturer in Nepalese of about 37, at the University of Moscow. He was invaluable to me. He tried to make me believe that he was not a member of the C.P., but I was never quite sure. Once I made him take me to a suburb and into a cafe there. While we were standing in a queue someone put his hand into my chest pocket, took out my wallet and ran away with it. I was horrified, not because of the roubles, but because of the countless documents without which I would have become a non-person. So I shouted 'Leonid Ivanovich!' and he went, pulled back the lapel of his jacket, gave a few orders,

and I got my wallet back, while the culprit was taken away by the militia. Leonid must have seen how shocked I was by much of what I saw in Moscow, although I never forgot the duty of politeness to my hosts. He loyally defended his country and generally won the argument, — sometimes even when he was on shaky ground. For instance: He: 'At least we have no unemployed, whereas in England you have plenty of them.' I: 'We have no unemployed in England. Why otherwise should we import so many blacks, and thus cause a nasty colour problem, if we had not a shortage of labour?' He: 'We are not surprised that the British Imperialists continue to exploit the black workers even after they have won their political freedom. Only now they have to import them into their own country.' I thought that that showed some agility of mind. On the other hand, he lost over the missing Toilet Paper. It was August, very hot, and we constantly got Borshch with sour cream. As a result, all delegates had diarrhoea, only to find in the lavatories either no paper, or merely *Pravda* and *Izvestiya*. The Embassy had plenty of toilet paper flown in from Copenhagen, and I made some friends for life by handing out rolls to delegates whom I knew. It was clear, however, that there was a limit to the supply, and I was advised to see whether one could get toilet paper in Moscow. (Pop: 6,567,000). I told Leonid Ivanovich who took me to GUM, which he described as 'the biggest department store in the world'.[1] We found the desk where toilet paper was sold. There was none, but, so we were told, there would be some in three weeks time. It was then that I scored my hit, because I turned to my friend and said: 'Now, at last, my dear Leonid Ivanovich, I know the difference between a

[1]Once, when I was taken on a tour of Seattle harbour, we were reminded no fewer than seventeen times that it harboured something which was the 'biggest in the world'. This gigantism had also spread to the Soviet Union. At first, we were perhaps impressed to hear that our Conference was held in the biggest University building in the world, with 40,000 rooms, etc. Soon we found that all these rooms had been built alike, and that we had to choose between dozens of identical stairways. We could find our way only by memorizing the statues which distinguished one from the other (one of mine had the familiar features of Frederick Engels). A tour of the Kremlin revealed a lovable side to all this boasting, which was so much less brash, harsh, and brutal than that of the Nazis. We were privileged to see the biggest bell in the world, but it had never been rung because it was cracked in a fire before it was even put in place; likewise the biggest gun in the world was never fired because the cannonballs were too big to fit. There is something endearing about Slavonic nationalism which I have not found elsewhere.

planned Socialist economy and our corrupt Capitalist Societies. Under Capitalism we *always* have toilet paper and do not even think about it, whereas under Socialism we normally have *no* toilet paper, but know at least when we may get some.' For once he had no answer. Another subject on which he was non-committal was that of religion. On a Sunday I had made him take me to a Greek Orthodox Church. The visit was fairly brief. The place was so crowded that my guide decided that I could not be expected to be crushed in that crowd, and so we went in through a back entrance, and reached the back of the altar where he and I stood, accompanied by two English women tourists whom we had picked up in the Underground. The congregation looked at us with some fury, and I felt most unhappy. It was clear that the Church was full, that two thirds of the congregation were old women, and that, as the service got under way, they would have a strong sense of outrage. The eyes of some of the men showed that the OGPU and NKVD had overlooked a few at least. So I decided to leave, and asked Leonid what he thought about religion. This was his astonishing reply: 'My father is an atheist, and belongs to the League of the Godless. My mother is a believer, and supports her local church. I was taught at school that religion is the opium of the people, and that is good enough for me.' Communism is, of course, a branch of the Judaeo-Christian tradition. In its origins it was a secularisation of Judaism and Calvinism. In consequence, it is as intolerant as its religious forbears. When I lived in Oxford, I often joined the anthropologists around Prof. Evans-Pritchard in the Lamb and Flag. One day, Evans-Pritchard, a recently converted Roman Catholic, got his wires crossed, and, in holding forth about the iniquities of the trial of Cardinal Mindzenty, he complained that he was treated almost as badly as if he had been in a prison of the Holy Inquisition. Whereupon I interjected: 'Quis tulerit Papam de Inquisitione quaerentem?' All he could do was to query whether on metrical grounds my 'De Inquisitione' could take the place of Juvenal's 'De Seditione'[1]. The Bolsheviks certainly do not treat the Greek Orthodox Church any worse than the Greek Orthodox Church had treated them. Were *they* allowed to publish their

[1]II 24, 'who could endure the Gracchi railing at sedition?'

literature? Were *they* allowed to meet whenever they liked? Were *they* allowed to teach the young? Nevertheless, in addition to these legitimate grievances, there was a distinct uneasiness about anything connected with religion. The Communists hate it so because they do not understand what motivates the other side. That explains, for instance, the brutal methods used against the Baptists who have never harmed anyone. It also explains why Buddhist Studies cannot get off the ground. In 1960 there was much talk about reviving and continuing the *Bibliotheca Buddhica.* All that came of this was Toporov's (1960) Russian translation of the *Dhammapada* (BB xxxi). Now, as you know, it requires not much cleverness to make a translation of the *Dhammapada,* which has been translated before, dozens of times, into English and German. I have here, at home, a splendid photograph showing me with the translator and his wife, but I noted that the offprints they sent me in later years all concerned the aorist in Vedic Sanskrit and such innocuous topics. In the last seventeen years I have read again and again in newspapers about the suppression of Buddhist groups in various parts of the U.S.S.R., particularly in its Asian provinces. A few years ago *The Middle Way* had a brief note on my making a collection of all Buddhist stamps (there are now 750 of them, of which I have 430). A lecturer in Tartu, Estonia, sent me a Russian set which I had overlooked, together with some offprints which showed his interest in the prajnaparamita and a request for more information. I sent him some material but, as always, the correspondence was brutally cut off before it could get under way. While we were in Moscow, we had a striking example of this police mentality. At the suggestion of Miss Horner, some of us tried to start a branch of the Pali Text Society in Moscow. We collected an audience of about thirty or forty people. I was accompanied to the meeting by an *aparatchik,* — a species of mankind whom I find hard to describe.It would need a Jonathan Swift to do them justice. Everything went well and there was complete agreement until our *aparatchik* got up and vetoed the project under Paragraph XYZ of the Constitution. I am glad to report that he was greeted with *Scharren,* — which is a way in which German students show their displeasure by noisily shuffling their feet along the ground.

These are the things which I minded. On the other hand, I was not unduly taken aback by the material poverty. This could easily be explained by the years of the Civil War and the Nazi invasion, and I though it most ill-mannered on the part of American tourists, whose country had not suffered any of this, to go on cock-a-hoop about the poverty of their hosts. They used to flock around apartment houses and photograph the roofs so as to deduce from the television aerials the number of occupying families. They also had one or two good jokes. For instance, if Marilyn Monroe were to walk stark naked in the streets of Moscow, clad only in a pair of American shoes, everyone would look at her shoes first. Probably because he knew that I sympathize with the Russians and that I do not believe that material wealth is good for people, Leonid Ivanovich, at the strong prompting of Malalasekera, invited me to his flat, a thing never done at that time, and with reason. It surely was a shocker. It was difficult to walk up the stairs because the edges had, over the years, been worn down by children skating down them, and somehow the Committee responsible for these flats never came round to doing something concrete about this. I had been told that his father and mother had been sent out, and they could be seen sitting on a piece of green outside. Later on, while we were drinking Caucasian wine, a sister appeared who kept her clothes in a wardrobe in the flat, and it was not clear whether she also slept there. On the wall was a shelf full of the 'Selected Works of W. I. Lenin', a school prize which would have warmed the heart of a Bibliophile because it had clearly never been touched by hand. By day Leonid's bed was a couch, and also contained his scholarly books, except for those which were in his office in the University. It was all reduced to a bare minimum. I tried to make out that this seemed to me quite natural, but there is a limit to my acting ability. He sensed my depression and asked me whether my rooms in England were any better. I thought of the Manor House in Cox Green, and had to admit that they were. Whereupon he said 'But you, of course, are a member of the Capitalist class'. This struck me as funny, and I asked him why he thought so. To which he replied: 'But you are a relative of Frederick Engels, are you not?' This showed the thoroughness with which the KGB fill out their index cards. Leonid's proudest

possession was a tape recorder. University people at that time used to buy illegal gramophone records from diplomats or tourists and then they gathered in a room of the Lomonosov University and recorded them on their tape recorders. Leonid specialised in Rock and Roll, and, pointing to the list of records he had pasted on his recorder, wanted to play my favourite. I tried to explain to him that in England we have a thing called 'the Generation Gap', that Rock and Roll was only for young people, and that to old people like me it was just a dreadful noise. This at least cut him down to one example only. But it struck me as remarkable that this was the chink through which the class enemy managed to penetrate the Iron Curtain. All foreign non-Communist newspapers were banned. At the frontier all suspect literature was confiscated. The Lenin Library, — fifteen million volumes — was strictly guarded against the foreign poison. For instance, none of my twenty books had ever been included. The 'Opium of the people' had been shut out, but, lo and behold, Rock and Roll got in! If they ever heard of this misdemeanour of their charges, the Commissars would feel pretty foolish, I suppose.

When I came back to England, I gave up £50 because I refused to write the two articles which the *Manchester Guardian* had commissioned me to do. The reason was that the picture which I would have painted of the Soviet Union would have been so unfavourable that it would have been grist to the mill of the American warmongers. When I think of the cost of the material prosperity which America has attained, I feel that there is a lot to be said for its absence. In spite of their other faults, the Soviets at least remind us of the dignity of labour and of poverty borne with fortitude. The Capitalist press continually tries to inflame us about the suffering of dissident literary critics, — surely one of the most superfluous and redundant forms of life.

Enough of this. Ceylon, at that time, wanted to buy a Steel Works. Krupps offered one which was so sophisticated that no Ceylonese could have worked it. The English offer had the advantage that so many Ceylonese knew English, but was rejected because the English can never deliver on time and are incapable of reliable after-service. So the Russian offer was accepted. A few years before, U Nu, then Prime Minister of Burma, had been to Leningrad, and had

been offended by the anti-Buddhist propaganda in the Museum of the Godless in the Kazan Cathedral. Malalasekera, then President of the World Fellowship of Buddhists, surprised the Russians by making it a condition of the deal that the one thousand statues stolen from the Lama temple should be removed from the Museum of the Godless, and housed in a former wireless station, under the care of a lama who would also have a library, and be allowed to take religious services. Since I had to go to Leningrad anyway, on behalf of the IOL, he asked me to find out whether all this had been done. This brought me into close contact with the bureaucracy. Their ways were those of the Spaniards in 1936, except that the word *mañana* (tomorrow) had been translated into *nitchevo* (it does not matter). Nothing was ever done on time and, in consequence, whole mornings were frittered away. When I protested once, I was told, 'In the past we had quite a lot of people like you here in Leningrad, which was then known as Petrograd. They were called *Barin* ('the Lordly ones' from the Baltic-German 'Baron'), but for some time now we have not seen many of them.' This made me glad that in 1933 I went to England rather than Russia. One morning I was late for an appointment at the Nevsky Prospect, at 1 o'clock, and I asked an official to show me on the map how I could get there quickly. He looked at the map, pondered for a while, and then he laughed, and said, 'That shows what a clever government we have got. This map is completely wrong, and designed to fool foreign agents. There is no street here, no block of houses there, and so on'. He then drew me a proper map which got me there on time. Likewise, in Moscow, I went to the Intourist Office to get a map which showed the Underground Stations superimposed on the streets. Leonid warned me against doing this, it turned out to be a State secret and I was followed from Intourist to the Embassy by an unwashed specimen who had played cards in a corner of the Intourist Hall before attaching himself to me. Leonid confirmed that this was standard practice.

Apart from inactivity, the bureaucracy had perfected itself in the practice of unbeatable obstruction. The IOL had asked me to get a microfilm of the Central Asian Buddhist fragments in Leningrad. In the Astoria Hotel I had been put into the same room with Dr.

Franz Bernhard (and a Danish couple)[1]. We had come to like each other and I had once rescued him from the attentions of the militia. He had photographed a street on which there walked by chance a sailor in uniform. This was held to be photographing a military object and all my *savoir faire* was needed to get him off. I took Dr. Bernhard with me to the Akademia Nauk, and that was a error of judgment, because West Germans were, not quite unnaturally, regarded as enemies. We penetrated to the place where the fragments were kept, showed our documents, which were carefully scrutinized, and then there began the battle which we lost: 'We would like to see the Central Asian fragments collected by Petrovsky, Beresovski, and Oldenburg.' 'Please tell us the numbers of the Fragments you wish to see and we shall be delighted to bring them up to you.' 'Can we please see a list of the fragments with their numbers?' 'No, we have no such list. But if you give us any specific numbers we will be delighted, etc. . . .' 'But we do not know the numbers'. 'If you will kindly give us the numbers, we etc.' When no progress was made I tried to frighten the man with the importance of the IOL, and of myself, their accredited representative. This indeed produced a result, but not the one we had expected. Suddenly there turned up a list of Fragments, neatly arranged by number, giving their contents, and each one ending with the note, 'Published by Oldenburg in *Zapiski,* so and so.' 'We know all that. What we want to see are the Fragments not published by Oldenburg.' 'Of course, Prof. Conze, if you will give us the number, etc. etc. . . .' This kind of thing is bad enough once in a while, but it must be pretty awful to encounter it day in, day out. Especially for people like this particular Barin.

When we returned to Moscow we found that everybody had become more ratty as time went on. The anomaly of my staying out

[1]Russians do not seem to attribute sexual significance to having men and women sleeping in the same room, or for that matter in the same compartment in a train. This same Danish wife, who was shaped like an asparagus, was assigned to one of the berths in my compartment in the train to Leningrad. She got into complete hysterics and we had to explain to the Russian lady who looked after us in the train, and who was shaped like a dumpling, that this was completely inconceivable and, after endless troubles, we got her into a compartment with women only, whereas I had the pleasure of spending the night with Mlle. Biardeau. One can imagine her feelings when she was again pressed into my company in the hotel and there was no way out for her.

of the clutches of Intourist had roused the ire of the bureaucracy, who insisted that it should be recorded in my passport. So that we should get it back soon Malalasekera sent it to the Foreign Office with the Passports of three members of his staff. All four were promptly lost. On the day before our return, we had to collect our return tickets, which had been taken away, as well as the passports. When I went for mine it had disappeared. When I protested, I was confronted with a row of giggling girls, who had lost their ability to speak anything but Russian. By that time we had evolved a technique which allowed us to phone higher-ups, who could overrule the gigglers, and, by the evening, I had passport, ticket and untold exit documents of which I have forgotten the exact nature. I was sitting with the Ambassador in his very huge official room, when there appeared a representative of *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* asking for an interview with the great and famous Professor Conze. Malalasekera told me that for his sake I had to give it, and so this fellow and I went into the corner opposite Malala's desk. What this man wanted to know was what I thought about the Socialist achievements of the Soviet Union. I wriggled and wriggled, but he persisted, in fact for twenty minutes by my watch. Then I lost my temper and told him as follows: 'I know nothing whatsoever about the so-called Socialist achievements of the Soviet Union. What I would advise you to do is just to write down what you would *want* me to say, and to publish it under my name. I will never hear of it and, even if I do, I can do nothing against it. But I will tell you, not for quotation, what I actually think.' 'What is that?' 'As a Marxist, I have always known that Capitalism is the exploitation of man by man. Now, after my visit here I know that Socialism is exactly the same thing, only the other way round.'[1] He went. Malalasekera got up and said: 'Now you have done it. To-night I have to fly to Bucharest and can no longer protect you. They are sure to get even with you over that. I will tell my son to look after you.' The following morning, when I wanted to be driven to the Byelorusski Station, to be sure all the KGB-driven Embassy Mercedes had disappeared. So I asked the

[1]The last bit of this story bothers me a great deal. I am sure that I said it, and I was proud of having thought of it on the spur of the moment. But the remark has been used so widely in the meantime that I must have picked it up from someone else without noticing it.

son to get me a taxi. He refused, and said: 'That is precisely what they want you to do. It is quite regular practice here to ram taxis to get rid of inconvenient people.[1] I will drive you myself.' So in his car, with the Lion of Ceylon fluttering on our bonnet, he took me to the Station and left me only when the train started to move. When we arrived in Brest, who should appear in the corridor but an officer who said, 'You are Dr. Conze. May I see your passport?' and, without looking at it he added: 'It does not record your Intourist Hotel.' Soon I found myself locked into a white-washed room with a militia man conspicuously marching up and down along the door with his fixed bayonet. I have often told friends the story how I got out of that one, but regard it as inopportune to mention to a wider public the document which made them change their minds. After it was all over, there were many *nitchevos,* and I humbled them by refusing to accept the passport in the Station, but insisted that it should be brought to me in the train. That was done, with much saluting, and I returned to Hoek van Holland in a rather more sombre frame of mind than I had come. When we went through the D.D.R. a rather bitchy, uniformed female wanted to search my luggage for literature and asked me what I was reading. I told her to keep her hands off a British subject and a guest of the Akademia Nauk, but that I was willing to tell her what I was reading. It was William Blake whom, I hoped she would not confiscate as *staatsfeindlich* (hostile to the State). Then, pitying her ignorance, I translated for her the verse in which Blake says that if one tyrant replaces the other, the second is often as bad as the first.[2] This concludes Dr. Conze's visit to the Soviet Union.

c. Visits to the United States 1963-1973.

For reasons stated in the Preface this section is only a pale shadow of what it was at first, and much of the substance has been put into

[1] I do not say that this is actually the practice, but only that young Malalasekera said so. In view of the convergence of conflicting social systems I am not surprised that something similar happened to Muriel on May 24, 1968 in Seattle, at the moment when my fight with the State Department had turned to open and undisguised hostility.

[2] This verse occurs in 'The Complete Writings of William Blake', ed. by G. Keynes, 1957, on page 431.

'The iron hand crush'd the Tyrant's head
And became a Tyrant in his stead.'

Part III. Stories about University life are particularly vulnerable to libel actions. Academics hide in their corridors of power like termites. No one worth his salt would leave evidence that can be used in a Court of Law. One day, to cheer us up, I said to my secretary, 'Of course, I expect to get in America at least a million dollars from this Life Story of mine.' To which she replied, 'And you will need every penny of it to pay for the libel actions.' So we had better be careful.

Anyone from Europe must experience a feeling of 'cultural shock' on his first contact with the 'New World'. As *Time* magazine lately put it (24.7.78); 'U.S. television is a big turn-off for Europeans. So, at least initially are permissive child-rearing, much so-called gourmet food, gun-toting cops, blah-blah cocktail parties, football, baseball, bubble-gum, littered streets, first-naming on first-encounter' etc. Just fancy chumming up at a moment's notice with some total, often hirsute, stranger who insists on being called, 'Chuck' or 'Hank'. In hot weather one is forced to endure the accumulation on the palms of one's hands of layers upon layers of other peoples' sweat from the Barbaric habit of enforced hand shaking. In Chicago and Santa Barbara I became so exasperated that I bought myself thin black leather gloves, (the kind of 'hang-man's gloves' which brought terror into Ann Boleyn's eyes) and shook hand all around while saying to everyone, 'Excuse my gloves please!' This omits such horrors as the 'working lunches' to which we were treated on our campuses. Though these are as nothing compared with the 'working breakfasts' which only fiends like Kissinger can survive for any length of time. These and many other facets of the 'American way of life' at first seem totally unacceptable to the European Intelligentsia. After a while they are barely noticed, and their memory makes the place all the more endearing.

Being the man that I am you will hear a lot about the negative side of American life. This does not mean that I did not greatly enjoy my stay there, and I would not have missed it for anything in the world. This is where life is lived at present. It may be a poorish thing, but at least it is alive. As I have said before, I would have liked to settle there on one of the islands in the Bay of Vancouver. I even started learning to fly a Cessna, but was held back by my age and by mechanical and mathematical inaptitude. What thoroughly

ruined my stay were the difficulties over the visa. I have just looked through hundreds and hundreds of documents, one more futile than the other, in which the bureaucracy constantly shifted its ground, — from 'DSP 66' to 'Third Preference Immigrant' to 'Exchange Program, P-I-168' and so on — until in the end they forced me to apply for 'Defector Status', knowing full well that I would not do so. In this way they have lost a potential friend. The vexatious attitude of Immigration in these matters has done tremendous harm to the USA among the intellectuals affected and that is why I have documented the story slightly in an Appendix to Part III.

What now follows is not a treatise that will do justice to America; because I know nothing about it. If my remarks are scrappy, so was my experience. The few merry quips which I have to offer throw as much light on me as on the scene within which I operated.

Always ready to paint the devil on the wall I will, first of all, in the anecdotal style apposite to an autobiography, tell you what has gone wrong with America, under three headings: (1) Excessive affluence, (2) Grotesque ideas of equality, and (3) Domination by mannish women.

(1) The Americans can claim that they have come nearer to abolishing poverty than anyone has done before, and there has never in history been anything even remotely resembling the Post War prosperity of America and of her immediate satellites such as Germany and Japan. Yet in spite of their fabulous standard of living the Americans[1] are not a happy race. On closer acquaintance most of them turn out to be pretty miserable and regard themselves as failures. In fact when I was there much heart-searching took place on what had gone wrong with the American Dream. The advantages of affluence are obvious and there for all to see. At first you share in them with a happy and carefree heart. Then slowly it dawns upon you that, as always in human history, there is a catch to this boon also.

The first drawback which I discovered was the devaluation of all tradition ('History is Bunk'). One day I read in *Time* that the U.S.

[1]By 'Americans' I mean people you meet at Universities. My contact with the working classes was confined to taxi drivers and plumbers.

had increased the yearly income of the average Korean from 90 to 110 dollars. On that same day I had spent 95 dollars on booze for a Faculty party. Putting two and two together I concluded: (A) That all human culture had been developed among populations who live on 100 and 200 dollars per year,[2] whereas in the U.S.A. the poverty line, even for negroes, was then drawn at 3,000 dollars. In consequence all the ideas evolved in those olden days were inapplicable to the current situation. Everyone was thus a lost ship, and totally at sea, either without any guidance at all, or delivered over to the tender mercies of sociologists, anthropologists, psychologists, political scientists and other quacks. To give a somewhat frivolous example: my little Co-eds liked to come to the office and ask me whether they should sleep with their boy-friends. After consulting their horoscopes and reading their hands[3] I told them whether they should, or should not, and even how often. Far from resenting this as an insolent interference with their private lives, the little girls were grateful and praised me for speaking with a clear and authoritative voice, 'For years we have been longing for just that.'

(B) That this high standard of living was obtained by exerting so much violence on the environment, that its exhaustion and an explosion was sure to follow. (C) Furthermore, this affluence is not very good for the affluent. As the old saying has it, 'The more you have the less you are.' Its costs to those countless other people, the improvident poor who provide the wherewithal of the affluence, are hidden away but will become clearer from year to year.

(2) We now come to the obsession with Equality. In early 1964, after a few months in Wisconsin, I was so puzzled by what went on around me that I bought D. W. Brogan's 'The American Character'. All seemed to be plain-sailing until I came to page 154, and there I read for the first time in my life, 'We hold these truths to be self-evident that all men are created equal', etc. etc. At this point I closed the book and have never read any further. Because who were those benevolent people who got going this doctrine of equality, more pernicious than any other? White English gentlemen who spread themselves on land they had just stolen from the Red

[1]In 1801 the per capita income in Great Britain was 21.7 pounds and in 1851 25.1 pounds. EB VI 231.

[2]For this matter see p.xii of the Foreword to my *Further Buddhist Studies,* 1975.

Indians and which they worked with Blacks whom they had forcibly transported from Africa. So what about *their* pursuit of happiness? In Part III I will give this problem the 'in-depth' treatment which it deserves.

(3) Finally, there is the change in the status of women. At the end of my stay in Wisconsin Prof. Fryckenberg, a Methodist whom I had known in London in the IOL, invited me to lunch so that I might tell him my impressions of America. What I mentioned first of all was the way in which the Faculty wives habitually treated their husbands as inferior servants. 'Go and fetch this', 'Go and fetch that.' After a hard day's work at the office they come home and their wife orders them to give the baby his formula, etc. etc. 'Yes', he replied. 'In America it is the women who have got the balls'. My students bore this out. Often when you criticized a boy student's work he would simper and might even weep, and apologize for himself. Not so the girls, who spat back, or tried to entice you with their hair, bosoms, legs, midriff, or whatever else they regarded as their marketable assets.

This female bossiness is bad for the men. It emasculates and befuddles them, makes them long for the 'Playboy' girls dreamt up for them by Hugh Hefner in a Mid-West Methodist's idea of heaven, makes them want to assert their manliness in and out of season or turns them into homosexuals. It also affects the younger generation. The family is no longer centred around the husband who becomes an abject figure. From the woman it easily slides into the hands of the child and you get all those child-centred families in which the word 'NO' is never heard and where the parents watch with rapture the wild antics of their ghastly kids. For instance, in Berkeley we had a Faculty lunch every Monday in the Blue Bear Restaurant on the campus, with the intention that some business could be done there quickly and with the minimum of paper work. One day one of the younger Professors brought along his excessively ill-bred boy of ten or eleven who completely disrupted the proceedings all around the tables. No one dared to protest and when it was all over the father proudly said to his son, 'Thank you, son, for having had lunch with me'. Muriel never wearies of telling the story of this lunch. When such kids grew up and I got them, they had to be praised and loved all the time, and, instead of simply teaching them

I had to 'motivate' them to take an interest in something outside themselves. I have often been attracted by Bachofen's idea of a matriarchal society in which feminine women rule and which is entirely devoted to the rhythm of procreation, gestation and parturition, eschewing those artefacts[1] with which a masculine civilization tries to get over men's inability to bear children. What we have in America, however, is a Matriarchy run by mannish females, and when you see the face of Rosalynn Carter you know that it is bound to lead to disaster sooner or later.

It would be too much to say that these females put any great restraint on their sexuality. That was pretty much in evidence all over the campus, and when we once had Kingsley Amis for a Semester in Seattle, he could on his return write about little else. In due course one could also not fail to notice that the shift in the social position of women led to a shift in their sexual behaviour. Each term one of my lectures was devoted to this topic and on that day my attendance nearly doubled. Having dictated about ten pages of observations on these matters, I find that the English language does not lend itself to discussing sex in a pleasing, decent or even tasteful manner, and so I have transferred all this into Part III. The omission will, I fear, further reduce the book's sale potential.

We now come to problems which concerned University life in particular. D. T. Suzuki had repeatedly warned me against becoming anything else but a 'Visiting Professor', because of the burden of administration attached to the more permanent jobs. So I began in Seattle as a 'Visiting Professor'. However, I then allowed myself to be talked by the promise of a grand Buddhist program, into becoming a 'Full Professor'. The result proved pretty lethal. Quite apart from the conflict over Vietnam, a bitter squabble soon developed over two Assistant Professors; the Buddhist Program which had been inaugurated with a superlative 'flyer' (with an 'Associated Faculty' of 17), never got off the ground and was strangled by Administrative chicanery (everything required the consent of so many people that no move could ever be made), and,

[1]*Arte Factus* means 'made by Art' (ablative). This is the correct spelling and art*i*fact is simply barbaric. It is about as awful as to say, 'The date shows . . .' or 'The media says . . .'

on looking through my files, I find for 1968 dozens and dozens of memoranda from various totally insignificant secretaries and junior lecturers who refused to give the simplest information, or to do anything they were asked to do because, as they all say, 'Mrs. Mary Smith, (the Chairman's secretary) tells me that the question will first have to be cleared with Prof. Hellmut Wilhelm.' Now what can one do against that? Not for the first time in my life I felt like a wasp which has fallen into the honey.

Like everyone else, I suffered from the excessive burden of tiresome administrative duties which increased every year and for which scholars rarely show much aptitude. For instance, when I came, most deals between Professors were made over the phone. When I left this was strictly forbidden; on the ground that people constantly denied that they had said what they had said, everything had to be in writing, if possible in triplicate. Or, to take another example: My work was chiefly with graduates and I had to help decide which student should be admitted to the graduate program. At first, when I came to Thomson Hall, a secretary showed me a name, underneath it five lines for the five Professors who had to vote on it, divided into two columns, Yes, and No. All you had to do was to tick off either the right or left after your name. Soon, however, we had to write out with our own hand the names of the people we proposed for admission. Soon afterwards we had to write a special letter proposing each one of these people separately for admission. And during the last month of my stay we had not only to propose them, but list in detail their strengths and weaknesses and commit ourselves on the prospects for their future success. This was bound to wear us down over trifles, and also the students resented it. So much so, that when a year after I left the discontent over Vietnam burst into violent action, they blew up with dynamite the administrative building, destroying mountains of vexatious documents in the process.

Later on the computer made itself felt. My first encounter with it was in Berkeley. For four weeks my Seminar was booked into a room which was also given to another Professor. One can imagine the scenes which took place when we had to decide who would actually occupy the room. When they failed us for the fifth time I decided that the machine had to be fought. I rang the computer building and said I would refuse to do the Seminar. I also got my

colleagues to ring one after the other uttering dire threats. After the sixth call something happened which nobody had ever seen before. A human brain emerged from the computer building and dashed to my office with a profuse apology — the computer had 'dropped a digit'. Next time they relied on the human brain and got it right.

With up to 35,000 and 40,000 students, the sheer size of these Universities makes them difficult to administer. At one point in Berkeley no one knew who had to decide on a, to me, urgent point. By chance I met the man at a party. Like me he had been in Hamburg in 1932, and the decision was soon made. Another problem was to find the kind of personnel who could cope with all these new kinds of problems. Most of the older administrators were failed scholars. When in Seattle I had clashed with Solomon Katz, the Provost, I went to the Library and found that once in his youth he had written at least one book, on the Jews in the Carolingian Empire. These people still had some understanding for our problems. They were increasingly replaced by pure administrators to whom the mentality of scholars was incomprehensible. This was galling, but unavoidable, because no one else could have done the work they were doing. In Seattle the Library had been run by a scholar. This proved unsatisfactory. We appointed a professional Librarian. This was even worse. We replaced him with two men who had learnt business administration at MIT, and who were guaranteed never to read anything except girlie magazines and Stock Exchange reports. Oriental books in particular had a pretty thin time in the hands of staff who were none too well paid in comparison to what they could get in the Downtown business quarter.

As in Lancaster, London, Paris and Berlin, the administrators were at first surprised by the explosions of student discontent. They made many mistakes, and then abjectly capitulated. In Berkeley the powers that be had brought the National Guard on to the campus, these poured down from helicopters riot gas containing pepper which had been specially thought up for Northern Ireland, and then shot several students on the roofs of neighbouring houses to which they had fled. To atone for these stupidities, they either relaxed discipline or dared no longer to enforce it. Each building had on the door notices specifically excluding dogs. Nevertheless dogs of all sizes were brought into the class-rooms. The bigger ones

now and then took over on the podium, barking proudly at the audience, while the girlies used the smaller doggies to rub their chests with and to look blissful. Once a co-ed brought a monkey who was so much more amusing than I that I had to send her out. She came back twenty minutes later minus the monkey, but also practically topless. The gesture misfired because she did not have that kind of build. Unpopular Professors like Jensen, — who claimed that intelligence is hereditary! — were demonstrated against and could not for long periods go to their offices where their phones were ripped out, etc. For a time students had a right to see our reports and recommendations and sue us if we had spoken ill of them. Our grades could be appealed against. I had given an F to a student in a Seminar who had attended practically never, had been so insolent that I had thrown him out of the office and was a certified lunatic who paid for University by what the State paid him for his mental disability. He put into motion the new machinery which to my amazement, and that of my colleagues, a year later set aside his grade. The Dean's final judgement on 26.1.1973 brought me a severe four-page reprimand on quite a number of counts. I will quote just one brief paragraph:

'The fact that he commuted from San Francisco by means of hitch-hiking made it difficult for him to arrive in Berkeley on a regular schedule; thus, he was unable to meet promptly with Professor Conze to discuss a term paper topic when assignments were being made for the class . . .'

'The first interview in Professor Conze's office went badly and was concluded without a term paper topic being settled on. Professor Conze indicated that Mr. R. was 'rude and insolent' to him and he terminated the discussion. Mr. R. felt that this resulted from age and personality differences between them, Mr. R. not being able to establish rapport with Professor Conze as he was twenty years of age, with the manner and attire of a member of the Berkeley youth-culture, and Professor Conze, a senior scholar of European origin and classical education.'

In spite of my classical education, I generally got on well with my students. In any case, they knew that as an ex-Communist, unrecanted, I was suspect to the authorities. Also, as a Buddhist and an astrologer, I was readily accepted as a member of the

counter culture. One day my office was filled to overflowing with students, mostly heavily bearded. They did not want me to do anything in particular for them, but they came for what they called *Darshan*. And so, like the Mahatma before me, I gave strength to those who viewed this Holy Man. The graduate students, incidentally, were so keen on learning something, that they never gave any trouble because they respected a scholar for being a scholar.

The general breakdown of discipline and authority led to students stealing so extensively from the University bookshops that these went bankrupt, one by one, or confined themselves to paperbacks or to what in America is known as 'text-books', second hand. They also stole from University libraries, and I was hard put to it to explain why their shelves were regularly denuded of Buddhist books wherever I went. The injection of a statutory ten percent 'ethnics' created many problems, but they will naturally have to go into Part III.

In addition, in State Universities, one had to reckon with the intervention of ignorant and malevolent politicians. In Seattle we were weighed down by the terrific might of Boeing, and even I never went directly against them. In California we had for Governor Mr. Reagan, an ex-film actor with a receding forehead, who regarded the 120,000 strong University of California as one vast breeding ground for drug addicts and communists. Among other things he annoyed us by cutting the grant for the binding and cataloguing of books. When we protested we were told that we should sell some of our older books which were used so rarely, some of them once every ten years, if that. This is a true story.

During the Fifties the Universities had been bludgeoned and demoralized by the nightmare of McCarthyism. The only University to benefit from this onslaught was that of McCarthy's home state. The University of Wisconsin was probably unique among American Universities in that it had never once persecuted anyone for their views. So they were able to buy up displaced Professors at bargain prices from all over the States. The first Sputnik of 1957 shocked the rulers of America into an awareness that their treatment of higher education had perhaps not been a very wise one. They suddenly poured vast sums of money into their Universities, while at the same time establishing close co-operation between the

Universities and various Government Agencies, thereby ensuring that this money was not misspent. Mr. Kissinger was an outstanding example of this fusion between politicians and academics. Our own Chairman used to spend up to 60% of his time in Washington D.C., thereby causing considerable problems in the Department. When he was away Hellmut Wilhelm took his place.

The money for our Graduate students came from the Pentagon through grants from the US War Office. This money, called NDEA = National Defence Expense Account, was hidden away in the Defence Budget, which Congress in a spirit of patriotism passed each year unexamined by acclamation. There was also CIA money. Just before I left, the student newspaper had got wind of a small sum we had received indirectly from the CIA. That was, however, only a very small proportion of what we actually got. Nor were the various Foundations so innocent of political motives as all that. For some time the Ford Foundation, to further the conquest of Asia, had given some money for Asian studies. When Mr. McGeorge Bundy resigned in 1966 from the Johnson Administration to become the new President of the Ford Foundation, he abruptly decided that the question of the American Blacks was more urgent, thereby leaving some of our projects in sad disarray. In this way we were economically dependant on people whose motives were suspect and some distortion of academic integrity was unavoidable.

Also some corruption was bound to creep in. . . . .

One of the features of academic life throughout the US was the excessive consumption of alcohol. Theoretically you could get drunk on beer, wine, or hard liquor. In practice only the last alternative was open to you. Beer was no longer brewed but chemically treated. It was nothing but thin wee wees water, fit only for blue collar workers. My friend Poppe told me of one brand with the advertising slogan, 'Matured in Transit'. As for the wine, — the tax laws, by taxing stock excessively, prevented the local variety from ever maturing and so vintages, taken for granted in more civilized countries, could not develop. The wines of California or New York are at times very pleasant as refreshments in Summer, but for the purposes of intoxication I would pronounce them totally useless. As for imported wines the dealers did not know how to treat them and in consequence they generally acquired a bitter flavour. Once

my dealer in Madison proudly showed me his stock. Delicate French and Spanish wines stood along piping hot Central Heating pipes. I commented on this and all he said was, 'This is very good for them. They are never in a temperature below 67°, usually it is higher, and we like it to be near 80°.'

So all that is left is strong liquor. I consumed huge quantities of Bloody Mary's — vodka plus tomato juice, and often also cayenne pepper. One of my colleagues preferred bourbon. Once a week, so he told me, he went completely blotto, let all the accumulated annoyances ('caused by people like you, my dear Ed') seep out through his skin, and drove in a blind drunk condition to his log cabin in the mountains. He cannot have been too bad because the Good Lord protected him always. At the height of my struggles I drank so heavily — adding a regular diet of Heineken plus Genever for breakfast, — that my doctor warned me that, as he put it, the percentage of blood in my alcohol stream was getting dangerously low. Heavy drinking was a regular feature of faculty parties and it was a common sight to see one's colleagues incapacitated by liquor. In England a drunken Professor is seen but rarely. In the US it is a common sight, though always among ourselves and never in the open. I also concluded that one of the reasons for this reliance on booze was the denatured food we had, which could not supply the necessary energy. And a tremendous outpouring of energy is of course constantly needed in such an environment.

Let us conclude with a silly story. My activities in Seattle were not confined to teaching students, doing research on Prajñāpāramitā, and trying to stand up to Mr. Taylor and the State Department. Going back to these days I recall a little incident which made Turrell Wylie say to me, 'Edward, you are becoming a legend in your own lifetime.' Now that I have dictated an account of it I find that it takes up too much space. Unwilling to part with it, I nevertheless reproduce it in smaller type as a token of an old man's vanity, and as a concession to his garrulity.

It was a hot day, and we had a semi-official party in Turrell Wylie's large house which looked down on a fairly large lawn where most of us were disporting ourselves. There were slightly more than 100 guests, all connected with the Department or with Tibet or Mongolia. I walked from one person to another, graciously acknowledging their existence, when I saw a truly magnificent girl. Her breasts were held up by a fine silk shawl which was fixed at the back with some contraption which I studied carefully. It

became clear to me that it would be possible to unhook it with one's little finger if only her attention could be distracted. As a result she would screech, hold her hands over her bosom and dash off to the Ladies' Rest Room. This would add to the gaiety of the Nations, and diminish the tedium of life. Soon I had engaged her in conversation with some of my students. It appeared that she had lately taken up some Chinese fad which was a form of karate based on the study of the Buddhist Scriptures and which protected her from rape by strangling her assailant.

The fear of rape is widespread and well justified in America. When I first came in 1963 there was one rape every twenty seven minutes; now there is one every twelve. What is the hurry we wonder. In Berkeley we were once called together and told that there had been on the campus no fewer than a dozen rapes last month alone. This could not be made public because it would spread panic, but that we should see to it that no girl went home after dark on her own. So after evening lectures we distributed our luscious blondes on our way home. We could not even leave them at the doors of their houses because they might be attacked there, and had to wait until their light was on. Negroes from Oakland regularly raided Berkeley High School and raped the girls. To do anything against that would have been to discriminate against people for their race, colour or religion. Once one of my girl students told me about a class in Oakland on Oriental Art by my friend Mrs. Cauldwell whose house we were renting at the time. Casually she mentioned that she had been raped there by a Negro. At the recollection she shook herself a bit, but treated the incident as if it were the most natural thing in the world. I have rarely been so shocked and revolted in all my life.

But let us return to our Departmental party and to this particular girl. One of my students chimed in to say that if it were a matter of a knowledge of the Scriptures then Dr. Conze would be very much better at this game than she could possibly be. And as I put it to her, 'at the age of sixty three I have had more opportunity for these studies than you at twenty three.' This led to quite a lot of banter and in the end she 'dared' me to wrestle with her. I probed her soul, decided that she had enough of the Will to Lose, and accepted the challenge. People formed a ring around us, an umpire was appointed and the match began.

To my surprise her wish to submit was so strong that I tripped her up on the first move, and flung her on to the ground. Like a good woman she fell on her back, and I immediately moved between her legs and then crept up and knelt on her arms. Remembering my boyhood days I said, 'All you have to do is to admit that I have won'. She claimed that I had been unfair and that morally speaking she had won. She proved immovable and after a while I got tired of it. So I rhythmically slapped her first across her breasts, and then her cheeks, alternately with the palm of my hand and the back of it, again and again, and again. She proved pretty tough and unyielding. But then my knowledge of psychology paid off. In due course this treatment

produced in her a wild sexual excitement, particularly as I slowly learned to locate her nipples more accurately. Some of this excitement, I am sorry to say, communicated itself to me also. In the end we could not hold out any longer. She said hoarsely, 'You have won'. I bent over her and kissed her mouth. We had a few, not unexpected convulsions and the battle was over.

We had been so completely absorbed in what we had been doing that we were surprised to see what we saw. The entire party had tiptoed up to the house, and watched with tittering amazement the doings of their Professor of Indic Studies[1]. So we held hands and went up to an enthusiastic reception, Someone put on to the gramophone El Vincitor from Aida. I was congratulated on my profound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and she on her courage in taking on such a formidable wrestler.[2]

When I reflected on the incident I could not fail to feel, however, that it had been extremely foolish and that I must have been motivated by a death wish. At that time Taylor was looking for ways of getting rid of me, and that is not easy with a Full Professor. One of the ploys he tried was 'Moral Turpitude'. Since I was not only not married to Muriel but introduced her everywhere as my wife this could, properly handled, be construed as 'Moral Turpitude'.[3] No one will therefore be surprised that at that time I married Muriel in Vancouver right under his nose, though far away from his influence. As for the wrestling match with this lovely maiden in front of the entire Department, well, it would not be too hard to present that also as 'Moral Turpitude' to the Deans. But nothing of the kind. I sounded out Mrs. Smith, Taylor's faithful secretary, and she said, 'No, we all love and admire you for what you have done. If a Professor likes to have fun we are glad if he has the courage to take it.' So that is one up for American hedonism.

In my memory this little incident stands out as a pure lark. And yet it is tinged with sadness. I have forgotten what the girl studied, for she was not one of my immediate students. So I saw her only rarely, usually at Turrell Wylie's parties. The last time was shortly before I left Seattle. Always one for unorthodox methods she had also relied for contraception on something fantastic from the East and as a result she was pregnant. Safe abortions were at that time still difficult to get in America and she preferred to have the baby. But she would be drugged, she would be under hypnosis, she would not know anything and the baby would be taken away at once. I now and then gently patted her bulging tummy and felt very sad at the sheer

[1]If challenged I could have talked to them about *Lalita* and told them what Krishna did to the *Gopis*.

[2]Incidentally, the contraption at the back *could* be manipulated the way I had thought it could.

[3]In spite of the general moral laxity the puritanical tradition was still very strong in official University circles. The new French Professor of Music arrived at the frontier with a woman manifestly not his wife, and the University did not lift a finger to get her through. So he went back to *La Douce France*.

irresponsibility of these proceedings. But of course these Yankee doctors would not recognise a SOUL even if they met one.

With this final kick I take leave of my American friends and benefactors.

d. Visit to Bonn in 1969-1970

This autobiography was not really planned on the scale which it has now reached. For years Inge, my brother's wife, had suggested to me that I should write down the more entertaining events in my life. I had always resisted the temptation.[1] In a moment of frivolity I began the work as a *jeu d'esprit,* and have repeatedly felt disinclined to continue. The task seemed unworthy of my time and talents. All my life I had made myself as small as I could. So I feared to push myself forward unduly. That particular danger has been by-passed. Nobody, after they have read my account of myself, is likely to think more highly of me than they did before.

On July 22nd, 1977, when I had completed the first version, I tried to obtain the kind of oracular response on which I rely when decisions prove difficult, or nearly impossible. I went into deep meditation, and searched for a final comment from mythology. This is what emerged when I woke up at 3.40 in the morning.

> 'Once when Pan and Apollo were engaged in a musical contest on the flute and lyre, Midas was chosen to decide between them. The king decided in favour of Pan, whereupon Apollo changed his ears into those of an ass. Midas contrived to conceal them under his Phrygian Cap, but the servant who used to cut his hair discovered them. The secret so much harassed the man, that as he could not betray it to a human being, he dug a hole in the earth, and whispered into it, 'King Midas has ass's ears.' He then filled up the hole and his heart was released. But on the same spot a reed grew which in its whispers betrayed the secret.'[2]

One day I will know why just this particular item from the lying

[1]When she saw what I had actually written she commented that, 'It shows Edward just as he is.' (Appendix 10, no. (8)). This did not necessarily indicate unqualified approval.

[2]As told in W. Smith's *Smaller Classical Dictionary,* 1910.

fables of the Greeks should have been dredged up. In any case I interpreted it as prompting me to continue; as follows: For years I have been spouting forth wisdom. This becomes totally unbearable unless balanced with its opposite, which is folly. So therefore let us talk about ourselves to our heart's content, as long as we get back to wisdom one day! And not only have I got to know myself better than I did before, but I have also demonstrated to my own satisfaction the unity of theory and practice which I have prized so greatly, both in my Marxist and my Buddhist days. Not content to talk about the spiritual life, I have actually lived it. Nor have I ever wavered even once, at least for long.

When in 1969 I went back to Germany as a Professor in Bonn I was surely puzzled by what met me there. The answer of the oracle this time was a pure riddle, which will mean no more to those who know German than to those who do not. So I will set it down in its stark German form:

Und zur rechten sah man wie zur linken
Einen halben Türken heruntersinken.[1]

I still do not know what it means, but I am sure that it enshrined the answer. Whenever, during my stay, I was vexed or baffled, I murmured to myself this mantra:

Und zur rechten sah man wie zur linken
Einen halben Türken heruntersinken

And even now, when I think of the state of my Fatherland, all that comes to mind is this rune:

Und zur rechten sah man wie zur linken
Einen halben Türken heruntersinken.

Two generalizations emerged from my stay. (1) What I saw before me was the SS State minus the Concentration Camps, and minus overt antisemitism, which has anyway become pretty pointless[2], and (2) behind the facade of the economic miracle the

[1]This is a verse from a ballad by Ludwig Uhland which we had to learn by heart at school. It is called *Schwabische Kunde* and deals with Barbarossa's army in Anatolia on its way to the Holy Land. The words say: 'And to the right and to the left, Half a Turk is seen to drop down'. See appendix 10, no. (8a).

[2]There are only 27,000 Jews left. Martin Luther and Richard Wagner have had their way at last. It is strange to think that both Germans and Jews should have regained their living space within a few years of each other.

Valkyries of Wotan were still roaring away as they had done for so long.[1]

Symbolic confirmation of the first came to us last year with the death of Dr. Hanns Martin Schleyer. As President of both the West German Employers Association and the Federation of Industry, he was easily the most powerful man in Germany. This, so the *Times* tells us, was his background.

> 'He joined the National Socialists at an early stage, was a leader of the Reichsstudentenwerk, the Nazi student organization, during the period of his studies in Heidelberg and Innsbruck. He was a member of the SS. His first contact with industry came in 1943 when he took up the post in the President's office of the Industry Association in Occupied Prague. As the Allies determined that the SS was a criminal organization, he was automatically arrested after the Second World War and interned for three years.'

Moreover the Waffen SS was the first NATO army. Their purpose is the same, i.e. the destruction of Bolshevism[1], camouflaged as the defence of Europe against it. All European Nationals could join the Waffen SS, and former Nazi generals such as Speidel were among the first NATO commanders. Europe is now subdued not by military, but by economic force. The slave workers are now known as guest workers, and as tourists the Germans inundate the same Europe which they had visited as soldiers before. In Nazi-occupied Europe the SS occasionally depopulated a village by shooting its inhabitants. The economic miracle has littered the South of Europe until far into Turkey with hundreds of Lidices and Oradours, — villages deserted by the able-bodied men, who went off to do the dirty work in German factories[3]. Formerly everybody was inconvenienced by having to click their heels. Now people throughout the world are inconvenienced because they have to work harder

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (9)

[2]While I am writing this, the papers treat us to the edifying picture of a Cuban Marxist bandit and statesman in his green fatigue uniform slumped on the throne of the Lion of Judah, the emperor Haile Selassie, reviewing the Marxist Ethiopian troops of Colonel Mengistu. How Frederick Engels would have relished the spectacle! Exactly 60 years ago, Winston Churchill began the first of innumerable 'crusades' against bolshevism. For all the good they have done, one might perhaps have done better to fight Communism by doing nothing at all against it.

[3]Find article in SPIEGEL!

than sensible persons would wish to work, just because Germans cannot think of filling their time with anything except constant slogging work. A thin facade of parliamentary democracy should not deceive anyone. All that has happened is that in 1945 each of the two conquering powers imposed their own political system on their own part of Germany. Now the Germans in the West are remoulding their parliamentary democracy on Bismarckian lines, whereas in the East they try to infuse some Prussian efficiency into their slovenly Russian-style bureaucracy. Under various pretexts[1] a steady process of de-liberalization takes place in the D.B.R. until the state will have been re-fashioned in such a way that the average German can once again understand it. Both halves now behave as cautiously as do all nations who have a foreign army of occupation on their soil, but the true native German face is bound to reappear once the country is free again. After the liberation will come the reunification, and then the recovery of the lost living space. Thereafter the open reconquest of Europe. As also in the case of Japan, the future will show that a nation's moral character is not necessarily improved when it sees its houses burned down and everything in them with it.

Few nations in history have ever been disparaged and abused as extensively, both from inside and outside, as the Germans. There are many apt quotations which could be inserted here[2]. The one I must avoid at all costs is Goethe's remark, 'Unhappy people! For the best of them have always lived in exile'. I have devoted a great deal of thought to finding a reason for Germany's special problems *(Die deutsche Misere).* Much of the trouble is due to the idiotical 'Principle of Nationality'. So ever since Napoleon created the Teutsche Nation the Germans were doomed to become the strongest nation in Europe, and the burden, unsought for, proves too heavy for them and rubs off their better points. The spectre of the hegemony in Europe has forced a gifted nation to drain away so

[1]The current one is known as *Verfassungsschutz,* the protection of the Constitution which has a Federal Office all of its own. The West is already back at the *Schnüffelstaat,* whereas further East the more Prussian lands have for now 45 years been privileged to enjoy the still more congenial *Polizeistaat.*

[2]*Daily Mail* 23.5.78: 'I had never before been in a country for which so many of its inhabitants feel so little affection'.

many of its talents which could have been used so much more profitably elsewhere.[1]

The actual thinking of the German people is smothered underneath a quite exceptionally thick layer of ADMASS. The media have become so misleading that many University people have ceased reading the public prints: and of course they have never even begun to stare at the telly screens. I have not sufficient contact with Germans to fathom what is going on. Just two straws in the wind. One is the social composition of the Baader-Meinhoff group. Quite a number of them seem to come from those solid families which are the backbone of Germany. I noted for instance Poensgen was (wrongly) accused, and recalled the standing of the Poensgens in the Duesseldorf of my youth. Nor can the facial expressions of the female members of these groups fail to arouse some disquiet. Another experience concerns a barbecue I had near Guetersloh, which was in fact the best and most tasty I have ever experienced. The great formative experience in the history of Germany was the coming of the Romans, which has divided the Nation up to this very day. In the Rhinelands we liked to say, with Konrad Adenauer, that the only civilized Germans were those who had formed a part of the Roman Empire. In addition they were also those Germans who drank wine, whereas it is well known that the remainder became fat and stupid from drinking too much beer. When some years ago, I visited the newly opened Museum of Roman antiquities, opposite Cologne Railway Station, which gives a wonderful display of the Roman remains revealed in Cologne after the Air Raids, I was astonished what pride the citizens of that town still take in having descended from the Colonia Agrippina. Against this trend there is the forceful reaction which is symbolised by the destruction of Varus's three legions by Herrmann the Cheruscan in the Teutoburg Forest. Part of my family have, during the last generation, moved into the shadow of the Teutoburg

[1]Once in the train to Slough I discussed the problem with some German visitors who complained to me about the way in which they had been treated in England. This is what I said: 'Once you were 'the land of thinkers and poets' *(Das Land der Dichter und Denker)*. That was not good enough for you, and you hankered after *Realpolitik* and a 'place in the sun'. And what did you get from that?! Now everybody sees you as the land of Dachau, Auschwitz and Buchenwald.' That was more than 20 years ago. A new, fourth, image has begun to shape itself. Or has it?

Forest, and I always feel that the spirit of old Arminius still exerts an almost physical influence on the thinking of the people. This is the true Germany where the trappings of Roman civilization appear to be mere fripperies, and the ideas of the French Revolution, with its tribunes and Consuls, just Gallic babblings. There, at that barbecue, I was treated to a defence of Nazi actions and Nazi thinking by a distant relative who had been completely and totally untouched by the brain-washing which had been undertaken after 1945. That may, however, be taken as an indication of his stupidity. What rather displeased me more was that he stated his case so well that he succeeded in reducing me to silence, without, I am glad to say, actually convincing me.

Here are a few more observations about what I noticed in Bonn: 1. The Universities were no longer what they had been before the Nazi cataclysm. 1968, the year before I went, had seen throughout the Capitalist world an insurrection of youth in aimless dismay. The Professors had been unable to either cope with this phenomenon or to comprehend it. In consequence when I was there they were afraid of their students, afraid of their political masters in the Ministries, and afraid of being mentioned in the *Soldaten Zeitung*. Our people were huddled at the top of their building, and I was restricted to the tiniest Seminars, confined to picked graduates and lecturers. People trembled when they thought of what I would do to a large audience. In addition everybody was very keen on learning from the 'mistakes of the past'. In Nazi times education was strictly centralized and regimented by the Ministry of Culture in Berlin. Now, by contrast, education was decentralized and each land was responsible for organizing its schools and universities. This is a bad thing for the more specialized subjects which attract few students. One can quite well imagine that the tax-payers of a land like Rheinland-Westfalen or Hessen are reluctant to pay for such expensive things as Mongol or Tibetan studies. The same problem exists in Canada. In 1969 I was told in Windsor that the legislators of Ontario would be unwilling to fork out money for such an esoteric subject as Buddhist Studies. That could only be done by the Federal Government through the Canada Council and would be blocked immediately by the French Catholics who would demand a Professorship of Buddhist Studies at the University of Montreal. In

consequence everything was at sixes and sevens. The popular subjects were overcrowded, there was no room in the libraries, the less popular subjects were starved of money, and it was very difficult to get permanent appointments for them unless they were camouflaged in some form or other, just as Windsor had planned to camouflage the Professorship of Buddhist Studies as a Professorship of Sanskrit.

2. The dead weight of the Nazi past was everywhere. It got on my nerves to hear one person after the other assuring me, unasked and out of the blue, that he had never been a Nazi. In addition of course nobody could understand what had gone wrong when everything went so swimmingly well for the first seven years or so[1]. At the same time everybody was intimidated and nobody dared to think boldly. Buddhist Studies were confined to editing texts or writing grammars or making footnotes. As for the interpretation of Buddhist thought everybody had to rely on what we did in England or France. Whenever traces of the Nazi past emerged people were embarrassed. As when I took down in the Seminar library a book of such an obscure nature that it had not been used for forty years and still had stamped on it the swastika of the *Hoheitszeichen* (then known as the *Schandzeichen*), the apologies were profuse. Likewise Professor Heissig was uneasily aware that everyone knew that he had been in the SS. But why pile on the agony?

3. A few words must be said about the impact of insensitive bureaucrats *(das Beamtentum).* One of the more disagreeable experiences of German students in the twenties was known as *Anmelden*. Whenever one changed one's address, usually at the beginning of a semester, one had to notify the authorities of this and fill up a form. Each time we were kept literally for hours in buildings which were esthetically repugnant. Most of the time one just waited to be called, and then came a few intense minutes of anxiety when documents were required for even the most obvious facts and a fairly rough interrogation by some unpolished boor had to be endured. Thus once or twice a year the Great Unwashed could take it out of the future *Herren Doktoren*.

[1]See Appendix 10, no. (10), for a letter to my brother on 27.7.78.

Very little, if anything, seemed to have changed in the ways of the lesser bureaucracy 40 years later. For hours I had to trot in the dank heat from one office to the other, and in about 20 hours I absorbed more official rudeness than in 20 years of life in England. The manners of these officials are just atrocious, and designed to humiliate the general public. Someone once spoke of 'a maddening amalgam of officiousness, condescension and cantankerousness'. For my salary I had to run from pillar to post, and once Prof. Hamm helped me out by lending me some money, because I naturally could not use any of my English pounds in Germany.

The intellectual elite of the world had kept away from Germany for so long and to such an extent that, unlike the Americans, the Germans had made no real provisions for Visiting Professors. The law treated us as some kind of guest workers, on a level with Turks from the Wilds of Anatolia. Not only were we given a four-page questionnaire to fill in, but we also had to be tested for VD. Prof. Poppe and I reacted to this insult in different ways, each one according to the society in which he had lived. I, brought up in a *civis Romanus sum* mentality, refused point blank, announced that I would love to be deported and threatened that it would give me great pleasure to write up in the Manchester Guardian[1] my impressions of contemporary Germany. My friend Poppe, used to the ways of Russian bureaucrats, had a subtler answer. He went to a doctor, had himself examined, and then sent the bill to Prof. Heissig, Chairman of his Department. The absolute amount of the bill was, of course, insignificant, but he knew that in Germany heads of departments have very little latitude in the way in which they are allowed to spend their money, and that there would be no 'slot' for expenditure on the venereal diseases of elderly Visiting Professors. In fact Heissig was greatly embarrassed and found no way out except to pay the bill out of his own pocket.

4. What I had forgotten was the stiffness and inelegance of German manners. When one has lived in England it strikes one as funny if one's wife, who has no intellectual pretensions of any kind, is addressed as 'Frau Professor Doktor', or if continually you

[1]This paper has much prestige in Germany since the days that it condemned the Treaty of Versailles. In the early twenties I was, like many others, a subscriber to its weekly edition.

have heel-clicking colleagues or visitors to the Department bow deeply and assure you of the 'great honour' it is for them to meet you. Also the famous word *Verboten* is as conspicuous and omnipresent as ever.

My brief stay in Bonn made me realize what an inestimable boon it had been to me that I had spent most of my life in England. In England, at least in the South, people keep their distance, respect your privacy and do not come too near you. This is not so in Germany where they come so close all the time that they nearly tread on your feet and breathe into your face. I also realized once again how much more gentle, courteous and considerate English people are towards each other. To my surprise the Germans struck me as distincly rough and uncouth, the more so as you went down the social scale[1]. Most Academics had acquired a certain thin veneer of polish, but still they were pretty stiff and awkward, and evinced a positive distaste for divergent opinions. All this surprised me, probably because any intelligent person must be surprised to find that a stereotype is actually true. And as to the women, one appreciates how much greater the respect is for the rights of women in England if one sees the battered victims of the German drive for efficiency by the ruthless exercise of male dominance. The hardships of the War had left their mark especially on the older women, many of whom were quite devastated and moved about like bad-complexioned automatons from whom all vigour had been drained.

A short time ago a friend drew my attention to a book by Sabine Leibholz-Bonhoeffer called 'The Bonhoeffers. Portrait of a Family,' 1971. It does, indeed, provide interesting reading in conjunction with my autobiography, in that we come from a similar background and react to conditions in a not-dissimilar manner. Sabine, the sister of Dietrich Bonhoeffer, observed pretty much the same things when she writes a fascinating description of her impressions of England, to which she fled in 1938. I recommend her book as a supplement to what I can say here only briefly. I still remember that in 1933 and 1934 I made countless observations about the customs of the English, which I confided to my then most intimate friend, J. P. M. Millar. He advised me to write them down because they

[1]While I was in Bonn the papers were having lengthy discussions on 'why nobody loves the Germans'. The answer was not far to seek.

would soon fade from my memory. And so it has happened. All I still remember is how amazed I was at people, when showing you their houses, taking you into their bedrooms and drawing attention to their double beds, a thing unheard of in the circles in which I used to move in Germany. Also, the way in which housewives tried to deal with the abundant dirt which rained down upon their houses in London at that time would not have remained uncriticized by my dear mother. It is there that I first saw the meaning of the phrase 'to sweep the dust underneath the carpet'.[1]

Another thing which struck me was an instinctive aversion to hearing views which were different from one's own. There was obviously no tradition of free discussion, but what struck me as particularly remarkable was the positive hatred which was generated at the mere mention of ideas which were slightly unorthodox or unconventional. To some extent, of course, the greater English tolerance is due to a general distrust of abstract ideas as such, whereas Germans unfortunately take their ideas so seriously that they positively dislike a person who has other ideas. This goes together with my observation that by being a Professor in Bonn I had become one of the higher forms of life, whereas in England this title does me no good at all, and a surprising number of people are even incapable of spelling the word properly.

5. As for the way in which our Faculty Home in Ippendorf was run, it had to be seen to be believed. On legal advice my description of Frau Gauerke, who ran the place, has been relegated to Part III of this book. The University official who was responsible for this building, which was originally built for employees of the Volkswagen company who had business in the Capital, but was rejected by them and was thus given to the University, was a hunchback. He confirmed the Buddhist view that cripples bear malice towards mankind and he had made everything very uncomfortable.

[1]This reminds me of the innumerable unfortunates who did housework for my dear mother from the beginning of the century onwards, and of a remark of hers, which shows the total blindness which one Class has for the other. In the First World War our maids were taken away and pushed into Munition factories. In 1919 my mother used to assure everyone that soon they would be back, because they would surely prefer the comfort of the Conze houses to the Satanic mills in which they had laboured during the War. She never understood that these women had been so ill-treated and humiliated by her, and her kind, that they never came back, — ever! Even now you are lucky to get a Filipino or something like that.

The beds, for instance, were very narrow, and had high backs, to ensure that under no circumstances more than one person could be on them. One telephone had to do for all of us, it was located in a draughty entrance hall and could be heard only in a few of the rooms. Only the Romanian visitors seemed to be contented with their treatment.

6. Next I must bewail the effects on the city of Bonn of becoming the capital of the Federal Republic. I had known Bonn well in the twenties. Now it had grown enormously, to a city of 200,000 inhabitants, and the incessant traffic underneath our Seminar rooms was positively inhuman. An American correspondent once wrote that the new *Bundesdorf* was half as big as Chicago cemetery and twice as dead. Racking my brains for something that can compete with this remark I find that I have really nothing of any value to contribute to the subject, and so I will stop the dictation right here and now. Dr. Conze's reminiscences, so vigorously begun, must not degenerate into inconsequential wafflings to which there is no end in sight. *Nec historiam producere per minutias ignobiles decet*[1].

At 3.39 p.m. on March 18th, 1904, Frau Adele Conze and Dr. Ernst Conze, a junior official in the German Diplomatic Service, sent from Lewisham, London, a telegram to Langenberg, announcing that 'a splendid boy' had been born to them[2] The boy has now traversed his allotted span. Whether he has fulfilled his parents' expectations he will soon know, when he meets them once again in the Elysian Fields.

At this point I will step aside and give way to what the inspired poet can tell us about the meeting between Aeneas and his father Anchises:

'These dues performed, they reach the realms of rest,
Fortunate groves, where happy souls repair,
And lawns of green, the dwellings of the blest.
A purple light, a more abundant air
Invest the meadows. Sun and stars are there,
Known but to them. . . .

[1]'And because it is not fitting to spin out a history with insignificant details'. (Ammianus Marcellinus xxvii 2.11)

[2]Appendix 10, no. (11)

There, the slain patriot, and the spotless sage,
And pious poets, worthy of the God;
There he, whose arts improved a rugged age,
And those who, labouring for their country's good,
Lived long-remembered. . . .

Now, when his son advancing he espied,
Aloud, with tearful eyes and outspread hands, he cried:
'Art thou, then, come at last? Has filial love,
Thrice welcome, braved the perils of the way?. . . .

How tost with perils do I greet thee? yea,
What wanderings thine on every land and main!
What dangers did I dread from Libya's tempting reign!'

'Father, 'twas thy sad image,' I replied,
'Oft-haunting, drove me to this distant place.
Our navy floats on the Tyrrhenian tide[1],
Give me thy hand, nor shun a son's embrace.'

So spake the son, and o'er his cheeks apace
Rolled down soft tears, of sadness and delight.
Thrice he essayed the phantom to embrace;
Thrice, vainly clasped, it melted from his sight,
Swift, as the winged wind, or vision of the night.'[2]

And if ever there was even the slightest hope that by reviewing the course of one's life one might get hold of the apparently pretty complex entity — be it human, angel or imp, — which has guided my destiny all these years, it is now finally laid to rest by Virgil's immortal lines:

TER FRUSTRA COMPRENSA MANUS EFFUGIT IMAGO,
PAR LEVIBUS VENTIS VOLUCRIQUE SIMILLIMA SOMNO.

[1]Compared with this magnificent fleet all that I would have to point to would be some small cockle shell of the kind which the Celtic saints used to move from island to island.

[2]Appendix 10, no. (12)

APPENDIX 1

GONVILLE & CAIUS COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE

21st May, 1960 tel. 3275 ext. 47

Confidential

My dear Conze:

It was to my extreme disappointment that the College Council yesterday decided to offer the Cook Bye-Fellowship to another candidate. You will have heard officially from the Master by this post or before, but I think I should explain furthei that the majority, from a sense of duty, and in full cognisance of your true eminence and great achievements, gave preference to a much younger man, and one whose research could not be done at all unless he could gain access to mediaeval Hebrew MSS in the Cambridge University Library. At the same time the hope was unanimous that if you were to decide to come and settle in Cambridge you would accept membership of our Senior Combination Room. This is a privilege granted by the general body of Fellows, but for a Council recommendation their agreement would be overwhelmingly probable. Later, and I hope better, developments could follow from such a start. At the least, your great merit has been brought clearly to the attention of many, and I still see an opportunity opening in Cambridge for you to enter, in a sense, that 'akademische Laufbahn' from which circumstances have excluded you so unjustly and for so long.

Ever Yours,

Joseph Needham

APPENDIX 2: A BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF PART III

Part III is to some extent the result of our absurd libel laws. Whenever I feel a bit masochistic, I study a few of the 719 pages in Gatley, 'On Libel and Slander', Seventh Edition, 1974. Having been brought up on Roman Law, I am staggered to see there general abstract principles replaced by Case Law. Whatever the advantages may be, litigation must become expensive and uncertain. In consequence vast chunks of disparaging remarks about contemporaries have gone into Appendix 4 of Part III, where they will stay for good.

Now as to the other contents of Part III. Of the first chapter, 'On German Antisemitism', I will not even give a survey before I have cleared it with a few friends. The second chapter, on America, shows by means of a long string of anecdotes, first the disconcerting and devastating effects of the current notions of equality, and secondly the positively disastrous results of the sexual demands of liberated mannish females. This enables me to incorporate parts of my celebrated lecture on 'The Clitoris of the American Female', and you will also see why in Santa Cruz the audience was reduced to awestruck silence by the truth of my words when I likened contemporary America to Sodom and Gomorrah, — and in particular the Lotus Eaters on that particular campus. Chapter 3 then illustrates how a Nation nobly unprepared for an Imperialist War fares when it attempts to fight one.

In chapter 4 Arthur Waley is presented as a warning example of what happens to people if they try to conceal their social origins. Here I elaborate the theme of the previous chapter 'On Being a German Abroad'. Properly expurgated these pages may one day be appended to it. Arthur Waley cannot be omitted from my autobiography, partly because he rescued me from obscurity and partly because he was on balance the most odious character I have so far come across.

In chapter 5 I try to give a balanced account of my relations with Christmas Humphreys. These are the opinions which a well known Buddhologue has formed over forty years of a prominent representative of Western Sectarian Buddhism. Since he surrounds himself with an entourage who are busy building him up as the 'Leader of Western Buddhism' and as 'The Man who has done more than

anyone to bring Buddhism to the West'[1] Mr. Humphreys is in danger of feeling like President Ceausescu of Rumania after he had shot his bear. I am at present engaged in supplementing the text of these 'Memoirs' with a few relevant illustrations. Among them there will be a picture, taken from *Time* (23.10.78), which shows this podgy and overfed dwarf posing with an exceptionally deadly rifle (obtained from some capitalist Merchant of Death) after he has received 'a golden plate' for having shot the largest bear ever recorded in the history of hunting in Europe, a bear even more magnificent than that butchered by the previous record holder, Josip Broz Tito. In this way it was given to this undersized leader of the proletariat to crown a life-time of staggering achievement, marked as it was by 'exceptional creativeness in philosophy, political economy, history, education, science and culture'. I wished I had done as well as that.

What had attracted me, as well as many of the German young men of my generation, to the collectivist tenets of Communism (or of National Socialism for that matter), had been the hope that in this way we would manage to get rid of the intolerable burden of our individuality, of our ridiculously insistent claims to self-importance, and of the necessity to constantly make personal decisions on matters about which we knew next to nothing. To merge into the anonymous mass was to us the equivalent of the Nirvana which a poet once described by saying that 'the dew drop slips into the shining sea'. Buddhism is as insistent as Marxism about combating the illusions of individuality, and the doctrine of 'not-self' as well as the goal of self-extinction lie within its very core. And yet, — in the Marxist world we have the cult of personality, beginning with Stalin, and diligently carried on by such practitioners as Ceausescu, Kim Il Sung, Hoxha, and so many others. Once again we see the dangers of conscious effort in human affairs, which so very often brings about the very opposite of what was intended. To fight the ego adds to its muscle. Anyone who has, — for more than forty years, — watched Christmas pomposing along, pushing out his chest and blowing his own trumpet, will know that this mechanism operates as well for the impersonalist doctrines of

[1] *The Middle Way*, Febr. 1978, p.140: also at p. 174! — How can one 'bring' something which one has not got?

Buddhism as for the collectivist dogmas of the Marxists. I myself am very pleased with my chapter on Christmas Humphreys, which culminates in the authentic, and possibly unique, record of a conversation between a champagne cork and a flying fish in the middle of the Atlantic. All that is missing so far is that I have not yet come up with a convincing reason why so many of our joint friends should so disapprove of my diagnosis.

C. E. M. Joad and Baroness Wootton are fine representatives of the agnostic humanists who have played such a big part in the English life of our time. Apart from ridiculing[1] Barbara's views on a wide range of issues, such as the validity of psychology or religion, the rights of women or the survival of the fittest[2], I chiefly concentrate on the memorable Summer School at Westonbirt which followed immediately upon her disastrous marriage to George Wright. As an hilarious piece of character assassination this is hard to beat and it ranks, I am sure, with Voltaire's *Docteur Acacia*. At long last the Gnostic has been able to settle accounts with his distinctly a-Gnostic adversary. If I could have followed the logic of the argument, I would have dealt with Humphreys and Wootton in the chapter on 'Some Cambridge Personalities'. They had so much in common. Not only did they both go to Cambridge; their entire lives were warped when they lost their nearest and dearest through enemy action in the first World War; and they both revenged themselves on mankind for ever after, by sitting in judgment on their fellow men.

In chapter 7, the 'Enemies of the Peace' are those Hate Types of whom I disapprove. There are two varieties of the Hate Type, the Oral and the Anal. The first are more lovable, the second more nasty. My ceaseless and unfading mammary concerns indicate that I belong to the first. Typical of the bad Hate Type is the guilt-ridden George Orwell, a proper Thersites who is so highly thought of

[1]'The writing and publishing of anything which renders a man ridiculous is actionable'. Gatley par.33. 'Man' embraces 'woman', I suppose?

[2]'A million million spermatozoa,
All of them alive,
Out of their cataclysm but one poor Noah
Dare hope survive.'

So Aldous Huxley. When inspecting one of my Classes, Barbara, her head crammed full of crude Darwinism, informed us that this 'Noah' survived because he was the 'fittest' of the lot. The resulting debate has now been recalled for posterity.

because he epitomizes in himself everything that is vile in capitalist Society in the period of its imperial decay. A few words will also be said about his publisher Mr. Warburg whom he saved financially, as well as Lord Longford who seems to represent almost the very antithesis of my own approach to life. The chapter is rounded up by a lively defence of my political stance and a vigorous polemic against those who once again poison the wells of international amity.

Chapter 8 spices the appreciative remarks about my American friends with malicious gossip about some of my colleagues in Seattle, Berkeley and Santa Barbara. This is a somewhat self-defeating exercise. While these people are alive they can sue for libel. Once they are dead, no one will want to know any more about them. Posterity nevertheless may be interested to learn about the calibre of the people whom the American Imperialists entrusted with the task of gathering the information which would guide their incursions into Asia and their assaults on its inhabitants.

Finally, 'the Astrological Considerations' of chapter 9 were at first scattered throughout Parts I and II. There they seemed, however, to distract and annoy people who are strangers to the subject, proved a constant irritant to those too enlightened to believe in it, and were incomprehensible to those unfamiliar with it. Having practised the Art without interruption for now forty years, I have become fairly proficient in it, particularly because I never charge a fee. My discourse thus proceeds on a fairly high level and requires considerable knowledge on the reader's part. This is rather a pity because in my view the astrological background often provides a simple and easy clue to what otherwise would appear to be meaningless.

It has come to me as a surprise to find how much we are no longer allowed to say in the England of the Seventies. Looking back on the amputations I had to make I resent them very much indeed. They have caused quite unnecessary gaps here, and quite unnecessary bulges there, frequently distorting the harmonious symmetry of my narrative. One might get round this by printing in Korea. More probably one will just have to knuckle under. It was St. Thomas More who disclosed to us the name of the one country in which we would be allowed to express our thoughts quite freely, and without hindrance. The name, as we all know, is 'Ou-topia', because it is nowhere to be found.

APPENDIX 3: A List of Dates

1904	London/Wipperfürth	Born 18/3
1905	Wipperfürth	
1906	Wipperfürth	6/10 brother Wolf
1907	Wipperfürth/Cologne-Marienburg, Mehlemerstr. 1, corner Ulmenallee	
1908	Cologne	
1909	Cologne	
1910	Cologne	Volksschule
1911	Cologne	
1912	Cologne	Gymnasium
1913	Cologne/Düsseldorf	
1914	Düsseldorf	
1915	Düsseldorf/Ilsenburg im Harz	
1916	Ilsenburg/Haubinda in Thuringia	
1917	Haubinda	
1918	Jena, Dr. Stoy's school	
1919	Düsseldorf	
1920	Düsseldorf	
1921	Düsseldorf	
1922	Düsseldorf	
1923	Düsseldorf/Tübingen	
1924	Tübingen/Heidelberg	
1925	Heidelberg/Kiel	
1926	Kiel	
1927	Kiel/Cologne	
1928	Cologne	Dr. Phil
1929	Cologne/Bonn	
1930	Bonn	
1931	Bonn/Hamburg	
1932	Hamburg	Der Satz vom Widerspruch
1933	Hamburg/15.6 London	10/8 m.Thea Finkelstein
1934	London	
1935	London	
1936	London (Spain)	
1937	London	
1938	London	
1939	London	
1940	London/Godshill	

1941	*Godshill*	
1942	Godshill	
1943	Godshill/Oxford	
1944	Oxford	
1945	Oxford/Dorchester	
1946	Dorchester/Ewelme/Brittwell Salome	
1947	Oxford	
1948	Oxford, 37 Wellington Square//Halifax House//Ewelme	9/8 Muriel Green
1949	Oxford (Paris)	
1950	Slough (Louvain)	
1951	Slough	Buddhism
1952	Slough/(Febr.) London	
1953	London	
1954	London	
1955	London (Paris)	
1956	London (Germany)	
1957	London	
1958	London (Rome, Germany, Holland)	
1959	Datchet (Germany)	
1960	Cox Green/Sherborne (Moscow)	
1961	Sherborne	
1962	Sherborne (Germany)	Buddhist Thought in India
1963	Sherborne/Madison	
1964	Madison/Seattle (Germany)	
1965	Sherborne, Oxford	
1966	Seattle (Messina)	
1967	Seattle	
1968	Seattle (to 15.6.)/Canada/ Sherborne	8/5 div. Dorothea 16/5 m. Muriel
1969	Sherborne/Bonn (Baden-Baden)	
1970	Bonn/Sherborne	
1971	*Sherborne/Berkeley*	
1972	Sherborne/Berkeley (December)	
1973	Berkeley (to April)/Santa Barbara (to June)/Sherborne	
1974	Sherborne (Germany)	
1975	Sherborne	The Large Sutra on PW
1976	Sherborne	
1977	Sherborne	
1978	Sherborne	

APPENDIX 4: List of Abbreviations

Agitprop	:	official responsible for agitation and propaganda in KPD
BSOAS	:	Bulletin of the School of Oriental & African Studies
C.H.	:	Christmas Humphreys
CIA	:	Central Intelligence Agency (US)
CP	:	Communist Party
CPSU	:	Communist Party of the Soviet Union
DBR	:	Deutsche Bundes-Republik
DC	:	District of Columbia
D.D.R.	:	Deutsche Demokratische Republik
DEROP	:	Deutsch-Russische O(el?) P(etroleum?)
EB	:	Encyclopedia Britannica 15th ed.
E.C.g.	:	Electrocardiogram
G.D.R.	:	= D.D.R.
GPU	:	Soviet police agency, fd. in 1922, later OGPU
IAH	:	Internationale Arbeiter Hilfe. Subsidiary of KPD
IOL	:	India Office Library
JRAS	:	Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society
KGB	:	Soviet political police, fd. 1954
KPD	:	Kommunistische Partei Deutschlands
LSOAS	:	London School of Oriental & African Studies
MI5	:	Military Intelligence, section 5 (G.B.)
N.C.L.C.	:	National Council of Labour Colleges
NKVD	:	Soviet police agency 1934-1946
N.S.D.A.P.	:	Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei
OGPU	:	Soviet secret police 1923-1934
OVRA	:	Opera di Vigilanze e di Repressione dell'Anti-fascismo
P.P.	:	Prajna-param-ita, the Wisdom which has Gone Beyond
RFB	:	Rot-Frontkämpfer Bund, paramilitary force of KPD
SA	:	Sturm-Abteilungen, Nazi Brownshirts
SOAS	:	= LSOAS
SU	:	Soviet Union
T.N.T.	:	Glyceril Trinitrate
U.B.C.	:	University of British Columbia
U.S.	:	United States of America
VD	:	Venereal Disease
W.E.A.	:	Workers Educational Association

APPENDIX 10.: The Foreign Quotations

(01) p.iv. Vos mémoires seront d'un puissant interêt scientifique et anecdotique et je me réjouis de vous lire. Mais pourquoi vous qualifiez vous de Gnostic, mot qui en francais tout au moins a un sens un peu péjoratif. Lalande le définissait par: 'philosophe eclectique prétendant à concilier toutes les religions et à en expliquer le sens profond par une connaissance ésotérique des choses divines communicables par tradition ou initiation'. Vous n'êtes pas un amateur, mais un savant *sata, sampajana* mindful thoughtful, et ce que j'apprécie surtout en vous c'est la lucidité de votre esprit'. That is surely worth thinking about.

(1) p.1. Quoties inter homines fui: Minor homo redii.

(2) p.4. Die ganze Welt hält Euch für unglaubliche Barbaren. Dieser Platz stinkt von Kultur, und doch habt Ihr Euch wie die Schweine benommen.

(3) p.9. Nach Hitler kommen wir!

(3a) p.23. This subject of Matrazen leads to two further reflections. In a refugee hotel in London two Viennese girls were known as die beiden Matrazen weil jeder darauf liegen kann. — Once when I inspected the Party premises in Elberfeld I noticed that the show window of the IAH office was filled with photographs of naked women (just to annoy the Calvinists of that city). I had these removed by the RFB, but was warned that there would be trouble, — the person responsible being described as eine abgelegte Matraze des Willi Münzenberg. There was some trouble, but it was not all mine. This did not prevent me from working with him in my early days in London, for instance on the book which proved that it was the Nazis who had burned the Reichstag. When we discovered the underground passage from Göring's office, we were jubilant. For we knew that we had made our case.

(4) p.67. In 1834 my ancestor Johann Adolf Köttgen formulated the same convictions in his own quaint and old-fashioned language: Das Leben ist eine zusammenhängende Kette in seinen Tieferen Elementen, wenn auch die äusseren Ereignisse, scheinbar fern voneinander liegen, ja einander sich widersprechende oder feindselige Gestaltungen zu wecken scheinen; in seinem Innern läuft der

rote Faden durch, der die Dinge, wenn auch so heimlich und leise verknüpft und zusammenschlingt. Ich glaube in kindlicher Demuth sagen zu dürfen, dass bei mir dieser rothe Faden das tiefste religiöse Bedürfniss, die stille Sehnsucht nach Gott und dem ewigen Leben heissen darf.

Born on 26.2.1905 Dr. Frederick George Brook was one of the principal officers of the Extramural Department of the University of London in the Post-war years. In the early fifties Mr. Hodgkin had cast doubts on my ability to conduct classes, and Dr. Brook was sent to inspect me in Walthamstow. I gave myself up for lost, and, throwing all caution to the winds, on our return journey showed him in the Tube a copy of the P.P. translation on which I then worked. This was the beginning of a long and intimate friendship. He had been in the Army Education Corps in India, was under the influence of a theosophist who lived near him, and was slowly moving from Marxism to a more spiritual outlook based on the wisdom of India. He was married to a German Jewess who was the secretary of Melanie Klein. Our friendship grew deeper and deeper from year to year, and we became closer all the time. He has had a great influence on my writing, and has vetted all the non-technical work, so much so that he earned the designation of 'Molierè's Cook'. He has had a hand in all the versions of this SAGA, and has shaped it into what it is now. He is the only person who has seen the whole of PART III. Just before his death on 28.8.78 he preserved me from one of my more foolish impulses. On the strength of par.221 of Gatley 'On Libel and Slander' I had reached the rather bizarre conclusion that the only person to whom I could safely send my chapter on Lady Wootton for corrections was the Baroness herself. Fred warned me that this was inadvisable, because, as he put it, 'The Joad Wootton section (III, 6) is a masterly piece of invective. If Barbara could see it I am sure it would put an end to her long misspent life'. He continued: 'I don't know what imp of mischief makes you want to send this explosive material to the old girl'. 'It is such a devastating repudiation of all the things she believes in (including her illusions about George) that I fear her response may be very vicious, perhaps legal?' R.I.P. He will be greatly missed.

(5) p.81. In such cases I try to think of Angelus Silesius:

Ist ein Guter wo verschieden
Freu Dich denn er ruht in Frieden.
Ist ein Böser wo gestorben
Traure denn er ist verdorben.

(6) p.82. Sive suas repetunt fatorum ergastula poenas,
Tristia seu nigro viscera felle tument. (I 447-8)

'Either the penitentiaries of their fates constantly renew their punishment, Or their sad entrails are swelling with black bile'. An *ergastulum* is a workhouse where slaves were made to work in chains.

(7) p.83. Theodor Lessing, *Der jüdische Selbsthass,* 1930, p.29. 'Die Klage Goethe's über das Zeitalter, darin 'ein jeder jeden andern hasse und niemand sich oder dem andern etwas Gutes gönne', weist hin auf das selbe Phänomen. Goethe bezeichnet es gern mit dem griechischen Worte: 'Heautontimorumenie' (Neigung sich selber zu quälen). Er sagt wiederholt, dass dies Leiden des modernen Menschen darauf beruhe, dass er im Kern 'von sich selber schlecht denke'. Das sei aber eine *Krankheit,* die in Zukunft sich weiter ausbreiten werde'.

(8) p.119. Eberhard wie er leibt und lebt.

(8a) p.120. Only a few days ago I discovered Mauriac's 'J'aime tellement l'Allemagne que je suis heureux qu'il y en a deux'. — Grimm's *Wörterbuch* (s.v. Türke) shows that in the Middle Ages the word 'Turk' simply meant a 'barbarian', and also in English we have the expression 'young Turk'.

(9) p.121. Hinter der Facade des Wirtschaftswunders rasen noch immer die Walküren des Wotan.

(10) p.125. Es war sehr freundlich von Dir mir Sebastian Haffner's 'Anmerkungen zu Hitler' zu schicken. Es ist ja wirklich fesselnd geschrieben, und ich habe es auf einmal durchgelesen. Inhaltlich gesehen ist es aber doch nur journalistisch bedeutsam. Herr H. hat vier wesentliche den Adolf Hitler betreffende Punkte nicht beachtet: 1. Die Tatsache dass fast das ganze deutsche Volk auf diesen Burschen hereingefallen ist zeigt seine völlige politische Unfähigkeit, die durch die Wilhelminische Epoche sowie das Niveau der bis heute stattfindenden deutschen Diskussion über das Dritte Reich noch weiter bestätigt wird. 2. (This has been removed to Part III, 1).

3. Hitler war ein Teil von jener Kraft, usw. Er hat das Ende der europäischen Kolonialwirtschaft beschleunigt und den Kommunismus in verschiedenen Ländern stark gefördert. 4. Er ist ein Symptom dafür dass die technokratische Gesellschaft am Ende angekommen ist, da er sowohl die Atombombe wie den Staat Israel veranlasste. Auf diese Weise wird der Fluch der Menschheitsherrschaft nicht mehr lange auf der Erde lasten und auch dafür kann man ihm dankbar sein.

(11) p.129. 'Kapitaler Junge alles wohl'. Elsewhere I am described as 'ein prächtiger Junge'. From my father's letter of March 18th to his parents: 'Heute morgen wurde die Sache so intensiv, dass wir den Arzt wiederriefen, der um 9 Uhr kam und erklärte, es könne bald losgehen. Ich ging nicht in die Stadt, sondern blieb bei Adele, was ihr ein grosser Trost war. . . Um 3¼ erschien der Junge, ein Prachtexemplar und schrie mit lauter Stimme. . . Wir sind sehr glücklich und können uns noch nicht darin finden, dass wir so reich beschert sind. Der Junge hat dunkle Haare, mehr wie sein Vater, auffallend grosse Faust und Füsse und eine dicke Nase. Er ist ganz mit Fettfalten bedeckt und hat lange Nägel an den Fingern. Im übrigen ist er sehr vergnügt und fuchtelt mit den Händen herum.

(12) p.130. Virgil, The Aeneid VI, 637-641, 660-664, 684-688, 692-702. trsl. E. F. Taylor.

His demum exactis, perfecto munere divae,
devenere locos laetos et amoena virecta
fortunatorum nemorum sedesque beatas.
largior hic campos aether et lumine vestit
purpureo, solemque suum, sua sidera norunt. . .
hic manus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,
quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,
quique pii vates et Phoebo digna locuti,
inventas aut qui vitam excoluere per artis,
quique sui memores aliquos fecere merendo. . .
isque ubi tendentem adversum per gramina vidit
Aenean, alacris palmas utrasque tetendit,
effusaeque genis lacrimae et vox excidit ore;
'venisti tandem, tuaque exspectata parenti
vicit iter durum pietas?. . .
quas ego te terras et quanta per aequora vectum

accipio, quantis iactatum, nate, periclis!
quam metui ne quid Libyae tibi regna nocerent!'
ille autem: 'tua me, genitor, tua tristis imago
saepius occurrens haec limina tendere adegit;
stant sale Tyrrheno classes, da iungere dextram,
da, genitor, teque amplexu ne subtrahe nostro'
sic memorans largo fletu simul ora rigabat.
ter conatus ibi collo dare bracchia circum;
ter frustra comprensa manus effugit imago,
par levibus ventis volucrique simillima somno.

ADDITIONS

I. p.24, 6. In the U.S.A. also 'less than 28% of the American people chose Jimmy Carter as President. Mayor Koch's 'mandate' to govern New York City was given him by less than 12% of the electorate.' (*The Guardian,* January 1979)

I. p.55,14. Tu tamen pro tua sapientia debebis optare optima, cogitare difficillima, ferre quaecumque erunt (Cicero, *Epist.* 9.17.3). This was addressed to an Epicurean, and says, 'You, however, because of your wisdom must be able to wish for what is best, to think what is most difficult, and to bear whatever there may be.'

I. p.62, 7. This remarkable event was commemorated on Postage Stamps by the D.D.R. in 1970 (SG E 1290) and by Cuba in 1975 (SG 2205).

I. p.70,32. Osbert Lancaster about Tourists in Egypt:
'The call to prayer is in the air,
The palefaced tourists stop and stare,
At mysteries they cannot share'.

I. p.77,27. In his able and informative discussion of recent English translations of Homer, H. A. Mason in *To Homer Through Pope,* 1972 shows that he shares my distaste for some of Rieu's concessions to democratic taste. Among translators 'Rieu is most banal and vulgar, Rouse boyishly facetious' p.186, and p.126 gives some fine examples of 'passages where Rieu achieves bathos rather than pathos.' On p.7 Mason even lets himself go so far as to say, 'I am certainly nauseated by those translations into modern English that part with everything that could have commended Homer to the great men of the past.'

II.pp.53-60. Much light has meanwhile been shed on both J. D. Bernal and Joseph Needham by Gary Werskey's *The Visible College* 1978. J. D. Bernal emerges as the gloomy sciential fanatic he was and the mendaciousness (II p.73) of his claims becomes obvious if the actual scientific achievements of Socialist countries between 1917 and 1977 are compared with those of the Capitalist world. Where are all the socialist Nobel prizes? And who exactly has been left out? Bernal was known to his intimates as 'The Sage'. This illustrates the general debasement which human values undergo in a scientific environment, and reveals the same perversity of the spirit which assigned one of the few Nobel prizes that went to the socialist world to Sakharov who got the *Peace* Prize for inventing a device, i.e. the hydrogen bomb, which enables generals to bump off five million people in one go. And then there are people who wonder whether the *kali yuga* has already arrived!

Secondly the book enabled me to define more clearly my affinities and disaffinities with Joseph Needham. We both operate from a sound basis of Taoist philosophy, but in his case that is combined with experimental embryology and modern science, whereas in mine it is linked with Astrology and the higher metaphysics. In addition, emotionally speaking

he is essentially pure-minded. (One should compare his picture in 1927 with that in 1974) and his mental make-up seems to be free from the savagery which is revealed in the third part of my autobiography.

I. 4,21. Meanwhile a German friend has sent me some more material about the Schools. In: *Hermann Lietz, Das Fünfzehnte Jahr in Deutschen Land — Erziehungs — Heimen,* 1912, on pp. 49-52, is the form which my parents presumably had to fill up so as to get me admitted. Near the beginning we have the item: 'Descent *(Abstammung): Indogermanische? Semitische?'.* In *Das Sechste Jahr* etc., 1904 we learn about the trouble with the Jews (pp 6-7). Among well bred and educated Germans Anti-Semitism was in those days not so much endemic as axiomatic. At the same time the topic was felt to be an extremely distasteful one, and few would have had the mental strength to formulate their views clearly and coherently. Not only was there a fear of getting soiled through touching dirt, which was reinforced by the warning example of the vocal anti-Semites who seemed so crude and ill-mannered. What was worse, the measures which would have to be taken to rid Germany of these undesirables could not easily be carried out, because of squeamishness, residual Christianity or humanitarianism. So, after assuring us that 'our schools are firmly based on a Christian-Protestant and German-Teutonic foundation' *(Die Land-Erziehungsheime stehen grundsätzlich auf evangelisch-christlich-und deutsch-germanischem Boden)* we are further told that 'higher still than the ideal of Race, Nation and Religious affiliation is that of mankind, i.e. the humanism which must never be abandoned' *(höher noch als das Ideal der Rasse, Nation, Konfession steht das der Menschheit, der Humanität, das nie aufgegeben werden darf).*

As a result the reasons which Dr. Lietz gives for removing the Jews are extremely contorted, he performs a veritable tap-dance on egg-shells *(Eiertanz),* and these embarrassed mumblings of 1904 seem to be far away from the Final Solution of 1944. And yet . . . In II 75 I have pointed out that the year 1917 was decisive for the development of modern mass democracies. Just so the year 1919 decided the fate of European Jewry. But hush, hush! The ignoble Mr. Relf is on hunger strike in Winchester's ill-kept jail! A prudent man will keep away from the subject of RACE, just as in the past he avoided saying too much about the Eucharist, or divine Grace, or the natures of Jesus Christ.

I. 10,15. In addition to being a *Landgerichtsdirektor* my father was (between 1924 and 1935) also *Präsident der Reichsdisciplinarkammer für die Rheinlande.* Before that he had been *Reichskommissar für Auslandsschäden,* partly because after 1918 someone was needed who was patriotic without being a nationalist, and partly because as a student in Lausanne he had made friends with persons now prominent on the other side, such as *le général* Weygand. Some time later he was called to the *Reichsgericht* in Leipzig, but could not go because my mother refused to live among that city's 'horrible Saxons' *(Sachsen).* In the same way she had

ruined his diplomatic career in 1904 when she refused to accompany him to Tokyo on his transfer there from London. If she had been more accommodating, I would have moved into a Buddhist country quite early in my life, and I wonder whether I had planned that when taking up residence within her.

I. 16,30. *'Leather Boys* and *Rubber News* are two of many publications directed at the fetishist, though *Rubber News* went out of business in June 1967 when the Editor was fined one thousand pounds for corrupting the innocent' (P. Webb, *The Erotic Arts,* 1978, p. 405)

I. 56,15. The entire verse reads:

'Come friendly bombs, and fall on Slough
It isn't fit for humans now,
There isn't grass to graze a cow
Swarm over, Death!'

I. 59, 4. This observation applies with equal force to the Middle East. 'No Arab or Islamic scholar can afford to ignore what goes on in scholarly journals, institutes, and universities in the United States and Europe; the converse is not true.' E. W. Said, *Orientalism,* 1978, p. 323.

The image on the **cover** is Sa (-skya)-lugs Raktapīta Arapacana Mañjughosha, 62, 3 in the *Rin-Lhan* of the Panchen Lama Bstan-Pa'i ñi-ma phyogs-las rnam-rgyal, illustrated as *Rin-'byuṅ* by Mongol artists. See: *The New Tibeto-Mongol Pantheon,* Part 8, ed. R. Vira & L. Chandra, 1963, p. 28.

I. 37,11. On my 75th birthday Stephen Spender sniggered in The Observer at the obituary notice which Bertold Brecht wrote when Stalin died in March 1953. Brecht then said:

> 'The hearts of all who are oppressed throughout the five Continents, of all who have already found their freedom, of all who are fighting for world peace, must have missed a beat when they heard the news that Stalin is dead. He was the embodiment of their hopes. But the spiritual and material weapons he made are there, and so also is the teaching to make new ones.'

This is precisely what I felt at the time, and what I, with millions of others, still feel at present. It is unlikely that Bertold Brecht and I, or people like Picasso, Chaplin or McDiarmid, will weigh less in the scales of history than this faded beau of the Thirties, who once showed some promise as a poet, but who in the meantime has disappointed everyone including himself. Where he scores over us is only in that he has such an easy access to the Media.

I. 48,14. It was only in 1950 that Albert Einstein, who in 1905 and 1939 had significantly contributed to this development, expressed 'his horror and alarm at America's decision to make the H-Bomb', and 'foresaw 'the annihilation of all life on earth', — 'a weird aspect of this development lies in its apparently inexorable character''. The *Spectator,* 24.3.79. p. 20.

I. 54,22. The excessive technology of the U.S.A. has engendered a

counter-culture which is not unlike those early protesters against a like-minded German militarism. One of its representatives is Theodore Roszak, from whose *Where The Wasteland Ends,* 1973, I gather that I am by no means alone in my outlook on life. As he puts it on page 262:

> 'We are in for an interlude during which an increasing number of people in Urban-Industrial Society will take their bearings in life from the I Ching and the signs of the Zodiac, from yoga and strange contemporary versions of Shamanic tradition. The quest for a communal reality assumes the shape of a massive salvage operation reaching out in many unlikely directions. I think this is the great adventure of our age, and far more humanly valuable than the 'Race for Space'. It is the reclamation and renewal of the Old Gnosis.'

Paul Feyerabend, another representative of this movement, describes himself as an 'intellectual anarchist', although he would prefer to be remembered as 'a flippant Dadaist and not as a serious anarchist' *(Against Method,* 1978, p. 21)

In my rustic retreat in Sherborne I had for a long time failed to realize both the full extent and the intellectual calibre of this 'counter-culture' of which I constitute a tiny fragment. Readers are referred to R. Clark's useful anthology, *Notes for the Future* (1975). In the 'Author's Preface' to the third edition (1978) of my *Selected Sayings,* (which was once again stylistically 'improved' by Mr. Humphreys), I attribute the success of the Prajnaparamita in recent years to that its message is 'at variance with everything in this age'. It is in fact one of the lesser symptoms of a widespread disappointment of the more thinking members of society with the excesses of a technological society and the unacceptable faces of the military industrial complex.

I. 91 n. Here is what Peter Lewis writes in the Daily Mail, 23.3.79, p.25

> 'Nobody would have believed when Hitler committed suicide in his bunker on April 30, 1945 that in 1979 there would be more books being written and read about him in Britain than about any other leader in history.
>
> Now, 40 years after the War began, there are 60 books in print about Hitler: twice as many as there are on Churchill, (30), three times as many on Stalin and Roosevelt (20 each).
>
> His only competitor — leaving aside the special case of Jesus Christ, — is Napoleon. Napoleon's score is 70, but as there are a dozen new Hitler books just published or about to appear, they are running neck and neck.
>
> Some of these books have sold in hundreds of thousands. Together their sales are in millions.'

II. 18, 5. This explains why Solzhenitsyn found that 'to be a Marxist in an American University today is an honour, and there are many University

Departments that are Marxist through and through.' (*Time,* 26.279) Likewise in England a man called Gould wrote a most alarmist account of the extent to which Marxism has permeated British Universities. After all it is the educated people who man the Universities — unlike the parliaments and newspapers!

I. p.24. Here is one of my recent cuttings from one of our quality papers: 'The sorely tried husband of Marianne Zoff, the provincial opera singer who was later to have a brief marriage with Brecht, compared Brecht with Robespierre, the 'pedant of liberty'. Certainly the diaries reveal him as an extreme case of the incorruptible radical in all his attitudes. He sees through the self-deceptions of others, yet, to save his skin, or make money — with completely open eyes — does what they do.'

I. p.113. When reading the proofs, I came across this passage from Oscar Wilde's 'The Decay of Living', — 'Ah! Meredith! Who can define him? His style is chaos illumined by flashes of lightning. As a writer he has mastered everything except language: as a novelist he can do everything except tell a story: as an artist he is everything except articulate.'

I. p.138. The Japanese economic miracle has multiplied the primary sources to such an extent that a reliable text has completely moved out of reach. As an honorary fellow of the International Association of Buddhist Studies, I receive their Journal ex-officio, and I see that in Volume 1, no. 2 1979, on p.81, Prof. Nagao tells us more of 'the gigantic project of publishing the 'Sanskrit Manuscripts of the *Saddharmapundarika* collected in Nepal, Kashmir, and Central Asia' ', which is being undertaken at present in Japan. This project will present thirty three of the available manuscripts, and 'its fruit will not be a single critical edition of the sùtra, but will probably be a series of editions based upon the investigation of the variety of recensions in accordance with the lineage of each manuscript's tradition'. If we consider all these editions as well as the necessary comparisons that have to be made with the Chinese and Tibetan translations, the prospective translator will be deprived of a reliable text for a long time to come. So from that point of view I am glad that I have turned to other things.

I. p.144. The current catalogue of Garland Publishing, Inc., 545 Madison Avenue, New York, NY 10022, announces *'Bibliography of Buddhist Scriptures.'* Compiled by Edward Conze. Edited by Lewis Lancaster. c. 200 pages. *Spring* $18.'

These additional notes have turned up after the typescript had been sent to the printer. I have left them together at the end, without trying to integrate them with the text itself, in order to underline the fact that this printed text of my autobiography is nothing but a provisional version. It is most unlikely that there will ever be a final one. If someone had lopped off one third of Michelangelo's Moses, it would be less of a work of art than it is now. Judging by the results, things cannot have been much worse in the days of Nicholas I.

INDEX

C

D

H

I

J

K

L

M

N

O

T

U

V

W